

"HOME NOTES," THE LEADING LADIES' PAPER, ONE PENNY, EVERY THURSDAY.

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CLAIMS
PAID.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

Sporting
Favourites

NOW ON SALE.

Price
SIXPENCE.

No. 244.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP.

A ROYAL COMMAND from
H.R.H. The Grand Duchess
Peter of Russia.



"Géant de la Cour et Aide de Camp de
S.A.I. le Grand Duc Pierre de Russie."
Translation: "Sir, Will you please
forward to the address of Her Imperial
Highness the Grand Duchess Peter of
Russia some Dress Grips, as per your
advertisement." Enclosed amount.
(Signed) BARON DE STAEL
HOLSTEIN—10th April, 1894.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

READ THIS. From the "Draper's Record," July
16th, 1894:

"From an authentic source I hear that no less than
SEVEN MILLIONS of the Leopold Grip have been sold
in four months."

THE PRINCIPAL REASON OF THE MARVELLOUS SALE OF
THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP

is its extreme simplicity. It is the only Grip made in one piece
without any troublesome Hook and Eyes, and the only one that
attaches itself to the skirt.

Price
3d.
each.



Price
3d.
each.

PAT. N° 173

OF ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.
Patentee and Inventor, L. MARKS, London Road, LEICESTER.

FIRST GRAND "PIONEER" REDUCTION SALE.

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a target for the money. Be this so or not, we
send out no Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft.—even for 3s. 6d. **TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.**
In the HIGH COURT of JUSTICE (Chancery Division)—Hodgson v. Webb Brothers.—On the 18th day of July, 1894, His Lordship Mr.
Justice Chitty granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hockney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's
Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 53,774 (Leeds).

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

100,000 "ECLIPSE" CARPETS.

SALE PRICE **3/6** EACH. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS. This Gigantic Offer is a Special Contract made with Readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY only.
We will Forward Direct from the Looms to Any Address, on Receipt of
Amount, a Genuine Woven, Seamless, Reversible Carpet.
THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE.

Suitable for Sitting-room or Bedroom, bordered and Woven in Art Colours, large enough to
cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profit.
Remember these are Woven, not Printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool.
Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost Double above Prices.
A Rug sent with Carpet, is extra.

Each. K. K. & Co., Ltd., 17th August, 1894.—LADY E. A. FITZGERALD writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets supplied by
Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son—her ladyship is much pleased with them."

SPECIAL OFFER TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS: : : 15s. 6d.
OR FOUR CARPETS AND FOUR RUGS: : : 15s. 6d.
Value unequalled in the Annals of Advertising. As a favour,
kindly examine and compare these Carpets.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" CARPET COUPON, 23-25.
On receipt of this Coupon and P.O.O. or stamps for amount, we
guarantee to send goods as above to your address in any part of
the United Kingdom. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.
(Signed) F. HODGSON AND SON.

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.
N.B.—NO AGENTS APPOINTED.

BROOME'S MUSIC



NEW NUMBERS—JUST PUBLISHED.

- No. 631. Oh! What Times They Must Have Been. Comic Song.
- " 632. Two Little Girls in Blue. Song.
- " 633. Little Pussy Mallow. Song for Singing Concerts.
- " 634. Woodland Mirth. Piano Solo.
- " 635. I Love 'er All the More; or, The Coster's Appeal. Song.
- " 636. Duetto. Piano Solo. L. Gautier.
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- " 638. Polish Mazurka. L. Gautier.
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- " 640. Mary May. A pretty Song. By Alan Macey.
- " 641. Dignity Gavotte. By Alan Macey.
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- " 643. Come to Me, Darling. Beautiful Song.

The whole of above, beautifully bound in illustrated cover.

2s. 6d., post free, forming No. 2 of

"BROOME'S NOVELTY ALBUM."

Complete Catalogue of this Celebrated Edition, Post Free.

W. H. BROOME,
15, HOLBORN, LONDON. E.C.



"Cadbury's"

"The Typical Cocoa of English
Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst. (As in many of the so-called
Pure Foreign Cocos.)

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,
Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100
PIECES
FOR
£1 1s.



A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed Worth
the Guinea alone, consequently a charming China Tea
Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given for
NOTHING.
Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only
satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.
The secret of the success.—The Pearson Pottery Com-
pany are manufacturers not middlemen like many other
advertisers. The Pearson Pottery have nearly 2,000 ft. front-
age to the town of Hanley.
Hundreds of these packages are applied for as Wedding
or Birthday Presents. And what more useful present can
be given. Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.
Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed.
All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

CHIVERS

NUTRITIOUS. DELICIOUS. DIGESTIBLE.

A really well-made Custard is one of the most delicious possible to the dinner or supper table. It is always appreciated.
CHIVERS' CUSTARDS made in a few minutes by simple addition of milk. 2d. packets and 6d. boxes. 100 packets and 6d. boxes. 100 packets and 6d. boxes.

PATENT

S. CHIVERS & SONS, PROPRIETORS OF THE FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT JAM FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

CHIVERS' GOLD MEDAL JELLIES.
Delicious, Wholesome, Refreshing.
Prepared in silver-lined pans, flavoured with
Ripe Fruit Juices. Half-pints, 2d.; pints, 4d.;
quarts, 8d.

A CHILD by the aid of **CHIVERS' SPECIALITIES** can make a CUSTARD, a BLANC MANGE or a JELLY, of which his Cook might be proud.

CUSTARDS

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Sold by Grocers, Wine Merchants,
Stores, and Licensed Victuallers
everywhere.

HOW TO PURIFY THE BLOOD.

PURE BLOOD IS HEALTH.

If the natural purifying powers of the body are lowered or diminished, the skin is at once liable to spots, sores, pimples, and eruptions—the complexion is injured and the liver congested, causing a tendency to rheumatism, constipation, and hemorrhoids, and tuberculous diseases of the lungs.

Good health, a clear skin, a good complexion, and an active liver, are the natural results of pure blood.

It stands to reason that a blood medicine, to do any real good, should both purify and build up. In other words, that oxygen should be given to the red globules, they in turn giving it to the body, oxygen being the source of all life.

But it is perfectly well-known that the usual blood medicines don't do this, but that, in homely phrase, they "lower the system."

Now, "Zotis" Tabules, on the other hand, solve the problem of purity of blood, and yet increase strength, colour, and nerve force, whilst stimulating a sluggish or torpid liver.

Simply stated, "Zotis" Tabules generate a purifying and antiseptic power in the blood, which is curative of sores, spots, pimples, eczema, and eruptive disorders. They also impart oxygen to the red globules of the blood, to the certain improvement of the general health, instead of lowering it, as is well known other blood medicines do.

WHAT THE BLOOD IS.

The blood is a fluid, acting as a canal or carrier, and also as sewage channel to collect waste and worn-out material. The blood is always travelling up and down the body, to and fro from the heart. In this travelling fluid float millions of tiny globules, or corpuscles, red and white.

The blood is purer when it leaves the heart than on its return. It picks up gaseous waste on the homeward journey, and enters the lungs to be momentarily breathed upon. The blood then throws out carbonic acid gas, or poison, and draws in oxygen or life. This goes on with every breath.

The whole body is from time to time rebuilt from the blood. How necessary then that the blood should be pure. Impure blood causes diseased lungs.

The rebuilding is done with the red globules of the blood. They are tiny cells, numbering millions, of nourishment, colour, strength, and nerve force.

Of course microbes and disease germs like to prey on such good things as the red globules.

To counteract which the Almighty created the white globules of the blood to act as blood police, or disease exterminators.

You smile, perhaps, at this, but it is nothing to what follows. In perfect health the white globules envelop in a cell microbes or germs in the blood, and forthwith devour and digest the intruders. This is not a fairy tale, but literal matter of fact.

But if the microbes or germs are many, and therefore powerful by union, they throw out a poison air—and thus wither the white globules. Thus the blood is poisoned, and various forms of blood and skin diseases are generated.

If you have pimples, spots, or eruptions, then your blood is impure.

Or, if you have eczema or a scrofulous humour, you may have an inherited blood poison.

If you have always been liable to breakings out or a pimply complexion it doesn't follow that you are seriously ill, but that you might have a better liver, purer blood, and with them a clear skin and a good complexion.

Now, what we all want is a quadruple beneficial power: 1. To increase the red globules. 2. To invigorate the white ones. 3. To purify the fluid of the blood in which the red and white globules float. 4. To stimulate the liver to healthy activity.

"Zotis" Tabules possess this quadruple beneficial power in a remarkable degree. They first purify, then strengthen, then build up. They give colour, blood force and purity, and freedom from nerve pains. They are safe, pleasant, and recuperative. Sold in cylindrical boxes, price 1s. 1½d., post free 1s. 3d., or six post paid for 5s. 6d. Sole proprietors, "Zotis" Co., 28, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

FREE GIFTS.

SUPPLIES YOU WITH 2/6 WORTH OF GOODS FREE OF CHARGE.

Any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* can obtain eighteen gifts gratis and post free, provided each coupon is first stamped by ourselves. And instead of your then writing a letter to each of a dozen or more firms, costing you at least twelve sheets of paper, twelve envelopes, and one shilling for postage, we are willing to save you all the work, and absolutely half the postage, if the following simple rules are adhered to.

I. If you require a selection of twelve free gifts you must send 6d. in stamps (not separated) together with the twelve coupons for which you require gifts. An extra penny stamp must be sent for every two extra gifts required, viz., 7d. in all for fourteen, or 8d. for sixteen gifts, and so on.

II. Your full name and address must be clearly and legibly written on as many separate pieces of paper as you require gifts for. The coupons must be then cut out and each one fastened (gummed or pasted on is the best) to one of the slips of paper on which you have previously written your name and address. Read the names and addresses over twice to see that all is right and clear, and so avoid mistakes.

III. On receipt of the coupons with the accompanying six or more stamps, we will distribute the coupons for you to the firms interested, and you will soon afterwards receive the goods per post. Coupons must be sent within ten days from the date of this paper to H. W. SHARP & Co., 28, Gray's Inn Road, London. Coupons may be sent in at once.

IV. All letters of inquiry must be accompanied by a stamped directed envelope for reply.

FREE GIFTS. COUPONS. FREE GIFTS.

A TIN OF SWISS COFFEE,

Sufficient for six cups, sent free, post paid, on receipt of this Coupon. "SWISS COFFEE" (Registered) is the cheapest and most delicious mixture in the world; assists digestion, arrests fatigue.

SWISS COFFEE CO.,
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

SILVERET PLATE POWDER,

The newest, latest, and best. Made entirely from a vegetable product, dried and refined into a powder.

It acts like magic for cleaning and polishing with little labour Silver and Plated Ware and all like articles without scratching or wearing. Try it and you will use no other. Free Sample Box will be sent in exchange for this Coupon.

MUSKAT MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
99-101, Great Suffolk Hill, London.

FREE!!! A valuable Illustrated Book

(48 pages) on the Human Hair.
Published at 6d. by the Proprietors of

KOKO FOR THE HAIR.

Structure of the Hair, Growth, Colour, Preservation, Diseases, and their Rational Treatment—Why Hair Falls Off, why it Turns Grey, why it Splits, &c.—Directions for the Care of the Hair, with valuable recipes. We, the KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., Ltd., 11, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. do guarantee to send above, post paid, on receipt of this coupon.

TO MUSIC LOVERS.

A Sample of the lovely Tooth Powder, widely known as DOROTHY DENTIFRICE,

sent free on receipt of this Coupon. Particulars showing how to obtain an album of 40 favourite songs will also be forwarded with a specimen song, full music size, with piano-forte accompaniment. Write at once to the DOROTHY DENTIFRICE COMPANY, 11 & 13, St. Bride St., London, E.C.

A BOOK FREE.

Artistically and profusely illustrated. Most interesting. "Haunts of the Lotus Eater," giving descriptions of tours arranged and run by the Association, &c., to suit the pockets of people of limited means. One week in Jersey or Brussels, three guineas, including return fare from London, and full board (three meals) and accommodation.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOME AND FOREIGN TRAVEL, LTD.,
41, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

GOTT'S CELEBRATED CORN TISSUE.

A new Scientific Discovery that is Guaranteed to cure all Corns in a few days without pain.

In packets, 7½d. and 1s. each. Prepared only by the Inventor, DR. GOTT.

179, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.
A Trial Package Post Free on receipt of this Coupon.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

120TH THOUSAND, SENT FREE.

Teaches what to eat, what to avoid, and how to gain strength. Full of valuable advice by a London physician. Write for a free copy, sent on receipt of this coupon—

GUY'S TONIC COMPANY,
6, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

LAIT FOR THE SKIN.

A MILK OF ROSES. Renders the Skin White, Firm, and of Marble-like contour. Disperses and prevents wrinkles, crows' feet, and creases. Preventive of coarseness of the skin, and an unequalled cosmetic for the complexion. No poisons, minerals, or powder. Purely vegetable, and deliciously perfumed with perfume from Greece. Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., with special coupon price to introduce it. A BOTTLE FREE, if 1d. in stamps is sent with this coupon, for parcel postage.

A packet of "TARALOUVA"

CEYLON FANNINGS TEA sent post free on receipt of this Coupon.

Sold only in Tins at 1/6 per lb. This most delicious and economical TEA in the world is equal in liquor, and goes twice as far as any leaf Tea at 2/6 per lb.

3lb. Tin sent free for 4/6, including Strainer and Caddy Spoon, with name of nearest agent.

TARALOUVA TEA CO.,
42, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.

GRATIS AND POST FREE, WITH DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS OF

PATENT UNBREAKABLE PULP WARE

May be thrown down, kicked, and even stood upon in Basins without injury. Light, and looks like china. Oval Bath Tubs, 16in. long, price 2/6, post free 2/9; two post free for 3/.

PATE & Co., 28, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON. ALSO FLOWER-POTS, TRAYS, PLAQUES, & SHOW BOATS.



PERHAPS in all advertised articles there is none in which greater nonsense is talked and more outrageous claims for miraculous properties put forth than in Hair preparations. We have even seen it stated that hair is produced "instantaneously!" by one of these preparations, and apparently there are people foolish enough to believe such outrageous nonsense. It will be of interest to many of our readers to know that we have personally tested the pretensions of KOKO FOR THE HAIR, and can thoroughly recommend it as possessing the qualities the Koko-Maricopas Company claim for it. If the hair is falling, Koko will stop it after a few applications; if thin, it will strengthen and thicken it; if bald, and the roots are not gone, it will produce a new growth; if coarse and straight, it will make it soft, glossy, and wavy; if poor and weak, it will re-invigorate it and create a luxuriant growth; if harsh and dry, it will keep it soft and moist; if troubled with scurf or dandruff, it will eradicate it, and keep the scalp clean and cool. The Company possess some thousands of genuine testimonials from ladies and gentlemen in all ranks of society, and there is not, we are informed, a Royal residence in the country in which Koko is not used. This famous Hair Tonic has been analysed by the well-known Analytical Chemist, Mr. Edwy Godwin Clayton, F.I.S., F.C.S., &c., who assures the public that it contains no ingredient which can possibly injure the hair or head.

We make no apology to our readers for dwelling somewhat at length upon this subject, as we know that a genuine, reliable Hair preparation is a desideratum.

That our estimate of Koko is not an extravagant one, the following few extracts from our contemporaries will show:

"Koko is, we believe, the plant which has for a long time been known in Peru and other parts of South America as an important nerve stimulant and tonic. In the case before us it is employed in the preparation of a hair-wash, which is recommended not only as a cleansing agent but as a means of preserving and strengthening the hair, improving its appearance and checking its propensity to fall. It is a limpid and colourless fluid, with no trace of grease, no mineral constituents, and no dyeing qualities, and is pleasant to use."—From *The Queen*, Dec. 9th, 1893.

"One of the surest ways to retain or to obtain a plentiful head of hair is to use the brush freely night and morning, and to apply that now famous preparation 'Koko,' the merits and efficacy of which have been abundantly proved already, but which will bear recapitulation in case any have not yet heard of them. First of all, then, 'Koko,' in addition to positively stopping the hair from falling out, increases the growth in a wonderfully short space of time, and renders it lustrous, soft, and silky. It is, in fact, a veritable hair tonic, which invigorates, cleanses, and beautifies even in the case of middle-aged people. It is very pleasant to use, as it is perfectly colourless and odourless, and is absolutely free from any poisonous ingredients, so that as there is everything in its favour, and nothing whatever against it, every woman who wishes to have a good head of hair, or, having one, to preserve it, should consider her toilet table incomplete unless it contained a bottle of 'Koko for the Hair.'"—From *The Lady's Pictorial*.

"'Koko' will be found a reliable and excellent dressing for the hair, one that will quickly arrest the fall, and most surely increase its growth, for 'Koko' is a tonic for the scalp, removing all dandruff, and keeping the hair in a healthy and glossy condition. It is invaluable, too, for warding off silver locks, and, containing no grease or stain, can be used by one and all with absolute certainty of its purity."—From *Weldon's Journal*.

"I think the best thing you could use to strengthen the hair is Koko, which I have always believed in, and recommend especially for children. We have used it a good deal in my nursery, and my children have very nice hair, and plenty of it. Koko is an exquisitely clean preparation, and makes the hair very bright. I find it also very good for keeping down any form of scurf, to which a great many children are subject."—John Strange Winter, in *Winter's Weekly*.

"We venture to make the bold assertion that if a good hair-dressing like 'Koko' were universally used, bald heads would be an uncommon, instead of, as now, a common sight. This excellent preparation has been introduced only a few years, but the sale, both in this country and abroad, is already of great magnitude. 'Koko' is perfectly colourless, containing nothing in the nature of a dye. It not only renders the hair soft and glossy, but it effectually stops it falling out, and where bald patches exist the down will soon appear. Dandruff is an enemy to the hair, and 'Koko' is an enemy to dandruff."—From *The Lady*, October 12th, 1893.

Sold by Druggists, Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. a bottle.

PEARSON'S

To INTEREST,
To ELEVATE, To AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

No. 244.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WITH A LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

I SEND this little bit of lace
As emblematic of the grace
That makes your heart its resting-place,
My gentle Mary.

You know that it has oft been told,
In rhymes and tales in days of old,
There lives in every snowy fold
A little fairy.

If this be true, I have no fears
That all time in the coming years
This lace will ever dry your tears—
For all will love you.

And I have charged each elish sprite
To tell you all I wish to-night,
And make for ever fair and bright
The sky above you.

"GIE US A LEAD."

DEAN HOLE, in his recent "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded, except on its sunless northern side, in which a suicide was buried. One day the vicar, while visiting a poor old woman who was dying, thought he would try to get her consent to be buried in the roiny northern plot.

He began by assuring her that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favour to himself, and as an example to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern side of the churchyard.

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes, and then answered: "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as another, and that it makes no difference where we be put, perhaps you'll gie us a lead."

The vicar did not grasp the argument, but he changed the subject.

CAN YOU KEEP YOUR HAND STILL?

THOUGHT provokes action: think of doing something, and (unconsciously, perhaps) you begin to do it. We might almost say that thought is action, a good proof of this is found in the movements of the hand.

In the University of Wisconsin, Professor Jastrow has an instrument called the autograph, which shows very clearly and precisely the automatic movements of the hand.

It consists merely of a piece of glass resting on three movable metal feet, or, in other words, it is a small carriage which will shift its position at the slightest movement.

At the end is a needle fixed vertically, and in contact with a roll of paper covered with a layer of lampblack. If the apparatus moves, the movement is traced on the paper by the needle.

It should be mentioned that both paper and needle are hidden by a screen.

Professor Jastrow tells you to rest your hand upon the glass and keep it perfectly still. This appears quite easy; but when you think that your hand is quite motionless, you find to your surprise that the needle is tracing lines on the paper!

The fact is, you cannot keep your hand still; unconsciously and invisibly it moves with your thoughts. Look at that pair of scales; watch how the rod goes this way and that way as the scales move. Now look at the black paper; you will find that your hand has been moving exactly in agreement with the movement of the rod.

In order to convince you still further, Professor Jastrow asks you to be careful about keeping your hand motionless on the glass, while he moves the scales first to the right and then to the left several times. He afterwards shows you by the blackened paper that your hand has shifted slightly to the right and left exactly in accordance with the movement of the scales.

All rights reserved.]

HOW JONES PROPOSED.

JONES: "Miss Arabella, do you like cabbage?"
Arabella: "What a strange question, Mr. Jones."
"I know it is a strange question, but please answer it."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I am very fond of cabbage."
"Ah, I am glad to hear that."
"Why?"

"Your liking cabbage goes to show that we were born for each other. I dote on corned beef. Why should we not unite our fortunes?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"
They will be married next week.

THE GLASS-SNAKE.

THE so-called glass-snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape.

There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to get away.

The glass-snake adopts the same trick, and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so loosely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of a stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity.

The broken joints do not reunite, though a new tail will grow in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.

WHAT PRICE THE DOG?

HERE is an amusing account of a dog-fight, in one of the Western States of America which interrupted the proceedings of a court of justice. The case was going dead against the prisoner, whose neck did not seem worth sixpence. The culprit, who was looking through the window at his side, seemed to be the only uninterested person present.

A deputy standing near was about to recall his attention to the proceedings, when, following for an instant the direction of the prisoner's gaze, he, too, became absorbed. The sheriff himself then glanced at the window, through which short barks could now be heard, and after one look he rushed to the door and commenced hurriedly descending the steps.

The audience gazed at each other in amazement for an instant before, with a simultaneous movement, they took a hurried survey of the yard. Having looked they wasted no more time, but with an expression of rapture stealing over their faces they made for the door, accompanied by the prisoner and his guard.

The judge, being left alone in the empty courtroom, frowned severely at the vacant benches, as he said with impressive dignity, "I think this court will now adjourn." Then he tucked up his sleeves and made good time for the yard.

Here a dog-fight was proceeding between the prisoner's dog and a stray animal who had offended him. After an exciting contest the prisoner's dog won, and the whole court went back to business.

The judge took his seat, scrutinised the faces of the audience, and apparently satisfied by what he had read there, cleared his throat, and began: "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "when we were interrupted by unforeseen circumstances a short time ago I opine that you were just a-going to declare that according to the best of your belief the prisoner was innocent of the charge against him."

"You've struck it, judge," unblushingly responded the jury.

The judge frowned down an attempt at speech on the part of the sheriff, and turned to the prisoner. "Prisoner," he said, "you heard the remarks of these gentlemen opposite, so you may take it that the proceedings are concluded. But don't you get up to any more of your tricks in this county, for it 'pears likely that next time you won't get off so easy. And now, what'll you take for that dog?"

GOLF AS A MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

OPINIONS may differ as to whether the croquet era was more conducive to match-making than that of its successor, the lawn tennis epoch. Each game had its advantages and disadvantages in this respect. In the game of croquet itself as a pastime there were fewer attractions for young men than can be found in lawn tennis; but if once the "eligible" could be induced to join the croquet party there was much more *chance* of business connected with the conduct of the game than can be introduced in lawn tennis.

The croquet had decidedly the best chances, in croquet days, he had fewer rivals, and so a trifle more addition from spinsters. Another class of bachelor, also, had greater advantages under the croquet *regime*, than he can expect at lawn tennis, namely, the "fat and forty." The standard of lawn tennis play has advanced so much during the last dozen seasons that an elderly Adonis finds the pace too hot for him, on the average, in junior company.

And yet in the utilitarian eyes of many household managers the more elderly humbles, with his lack of figure, is often prized higher than the moneyless dandy of junior age. And any entertainment which will give to the man whose weight of years implies barrenness a better chance in the matrimonial market, against his junior and less-furnished competitors, is a special recommendation of itself. This side all these details, novelty has always a claim on its own, and tends to give an impetus to any new departure in country-house outdoor entertainment, or in the attractions of a watering-place.

To some such reasons may partly be ascribed the turn upon golf which has set in during the last few seasons. Now that ladies have taken up the pursuit with enthusiasm, any circumstances which will reduce the disadvantages of physique under which the old fellows have a sort of attraction of their own, and this goes some way towards compensating for any reduction in the standard of the game as compared with what is played in some older metropolis of the sport.

Even "cider" golf is growing, and in that field votaries in many a small inclosure that cannot boast an area of more than six to eight acres. As a field for flirtation whether of bare attentions, or of subsequent intentions, is immaterial for the near and distant, it is likely to give the go-by to lawn tennis.

Mamma could watch the whole game of croquet, and she feels the weight of years tell upon her if she attempts the duties of chaperon round a golf course, so that her daughters who are allowed to embark in the game can get out of earshot, and even range of vision, playing, without "making themselves conspicuous" as they might if they started off with a caddy, for a ramble in some direction away from the lawn tennis court. They cannot be expected to play the game in solitude, and a messenger carrying a bag would seem to be a necessary ingredient in the equipment of practice for a young lady.

"What makes you call that young fellow a dog?"
"The men are to blame. They don't propose."

"Why are you so mean, my Johnny?" It seems to say that, with manners worn out and papa with a broken arm, you might try to be good.
"Oh," said Johnny, "that's just the time to be bad; no one can look me!"

THE HEAD OF THE COLLEGE: "So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump, and there drenched with water? Now, Mr. F., what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"
Undergraduate, meekly: "The left leg, sir."

MRS. GROWLER: "Now, grower, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by selling items as one handful of raisins, one pocketful of almonds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar, &c.?"

Greener: "It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies will bring their children with them when they do their marketing must pay for all they get."

DR. MONK'S EXPERIMENT.

IN TWO PARTS.

By JOHN K. LATA.

[PART I. of this story, which was published last week, tells how Dr. Monk and the narrator are found unconscious under strange conditions, each with a small red mark upon his wrist. A curious tube, contents mysterious, is picked up. Dr. Monk is very seriously ill. He is attended by Dr. Sterne, who, with his daughter Muriel, live close at hand. The teller of the story, who has recovered in a day, assists in nursing Dr. Monk, and meantime falls in love with Muriel.]

PART II.

CHAPTER 3.

DR. STERNE lived in an old house, which had apparently been allowed to fall into decay, and had then been partially repaired. It stood in the middle of a large garden, which contained little but overgrown shrubs. This gave a gloomy air to the house, and I fancied that the isolation, and want of light and air and movement about the place, were partly to blame for Muriel's shyness, and her deep melancholy.

But in time her reserve towards me wore away. I visited the house often, and we became friends.

Dr. Sterne had few, if any, patients; but he spent a good deal of time in a large room which he had fitted up as a laboratory. I learned that he was extremely fond of chemical and physiological studies, and that Monk had been a pupil of his.

The doctor placed no restrictions on my intercourse with his daughter, and I noticed that he was frequently invisible when I called. On these occasions Muriel and I often left the close, low-ceilinged drawing-room for the garden, and walked together round and round the shady, grass-grown walks. Only one result was possible under these circumstances. Had Muriel not possessed the strange, almost unearthly charm which rested on her, I should still have loved her. Being what she was, before I had known her a week I loved her passionately. Yes, I, a penniless, homeless outcast, was in love with Muriel Sterne!

More than once, in my talks with Muriel, I had reverted to our first meeting; but she seemed to shrink from the subject.

"Tell me," I said to her one day, "do you still notice in me that strange resemblance to Dr. Monk, which startled you so the first time I saw you?"

"The likeness does not alarm me now, or make me shudder," she answered in a low tone, "but," she added, "it is still there."

I groaned inwardly, and was silent.

"Let us talk of something else," I said, after a pause.

"Have you ever been abroad?"

"My first remembrance," she said, "is of a French cottage, in which I lived with a nurse. They were good people, and kind to me. I lived there till Dr. Sterne came and brought me to England. He said he was my father."

"And is he not your father?" I cried in amazement.

"I don't know. I suppose he is; but—" I could understand her. She meant that she could not feel towards him anything of a daughter's love.

"I have never had any one to love me," she said, simply, after a few minutes.

"But I do! I love you! I hunger and thirst when I am away from you, and count the hours till I may see you again, Muriel—"

"Oh, no, no!"

She hid her face in her hands, and I could see that she was weeping.

"You must not love me," she whispered, "for I am to be married to Dr. Monk."

For a few seconds I could not trust myself to speak.

"But—but you do not care for him, Muriel?"

"No, but my father wished it. He told me that if I would consent to marry his friend I should never die."

"Never die!" I shouted. "What madness is this. Do they pretend that they have discovered the elixir of life?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell; but"—here the girl's voice sank to a whisper—"they have found out something. There is some secret between them; but my father does not know it all, and I have sometimes thought that—"

"Yes. Do tell me, Muriel, I beg you."

"That I was the price of the remainder of the secret."

"But it is impossible!" I exclaimed. "No one can live for ever. All that is only an old-world dream. They are deceiving you."

"I do not wish to live for ever," said the poor child, wearily drooping her head. "But they have discovered something," she repeated. "My father is younger looking, and far, far stronger than he was when I first knew him."

"Oh, that is nothing," I returned. "Their secret, whatever it may be, need not affect you. You are not to be sacrificed to their ends. It is monstrous. Promise me that you will never marry that man Monk. Promise me that you will try to care for me, Muriel—"

I was interrupted by the banging of the large garden-gate. Dr. Sterne was returning. Muriel fled from me into the house, and I turned to meet the doctor.

As I approached him, a workman who had been called in to do something to a well came up, and I heard him tell Dr. Sterne that he could not remove the stone which covered the top of the well.

The doctor made a gesture of impatience, and, after greeting me, took the man back to the spot, which lay between us and the gate. An immense flat stone covered the well—a stone which I afterwards found I could not move. Dr. Sterne seized the iron ring which was attached to the centre of the stone, and lifted the weighty mass with the most perfect ease. And this in a man of sixty or seventy years of age! I was astounded, and half inclined to believe that the doctor had, in the course of his researches, lit upon some drug, or combination of drugs, which had the property of increasing greatly one's bodily strength.

After reaching "home," as I called Dr. Monk's house, I noticed from several small signs that some one had been in the library during my absence. More than once before I had suspected the same thing, and the thought now occurred to me—Can it be that Dr. Sterne comes here and searches for Monk's secret while I am at his house? If, as Muriel seemed to think, she had been offered to Monk as the price of this secret, was it not very possible that the doctor, fearing that Monk might die, was now seeking for traces which might guide him to the knowledge he coveted? This would explain his carelessness in leaving me alone with Muriel. He wanted me out of the way that he might continue his search unobserved.

A few inquiries satisfied me that I was right in my conjecture; and if confirmation had been needed I found it in the fact that the silver tube had vanished.

As soon as this was clear to my mind, I determined to be beforehand with Dr. Sterne. To tell the truth, I did not stop to consider whether my conduct was morally justifiable or not. I only knew that if I could gain the key to this mystery I would hold an immense advantage. But I might have justified myself. I was, by the consent of Monk's friend and his servant, in charge of the house. I made the necessary disbursements from Dr. Monk's cash box, which I found in his desk, and I managed everything. If I did not possess myself of the object (whatever it might be) for which Dr. Sterne was seeking, the chances were that he would get hold of it sooner or later, and he would use it, I had no doubt, purely for his own advantage.

Having plenty of time at my disposal, I began a careful and systematic search, which was much facilitated by the fact that none of the drawers or cupboards were locked. This circumstance convinced me that Dr. Monk had a private depository somewhere, and I hunted vigorously for several days, but in vain.

At length, one evening, by the purest accident, I discovered the spot where the secret lay hid. I was leaning backwards in my chair to reach at something when I overbalanced myself, and, clutching involuntarily at the table-cover to save myself from falling, I pulled to the ground, among a litter of books and papers, a large bronze figure of a knight on horseback which always stood on that table. As it fell I heard a slight, yet perfectly distinct, tinkling sound. There was nothing that I could see to produce a noise of that kind, but when I shook the figure of the chevalier I heard it again. It was the sound of glass striking against metal. The body of the horse, which to all appearance had been cast in one piece, must have a secret opening, for something movable was inside it.

After an hour or two of patient effort I discovered the means of opening the casket, for such was the real nature of the ornament. I had just pushed back the massive lid (which consisted of the figure of the knight and the upper part of the body of the horse), and had caught a glimpse of something white lying within, when I heard a step in the passage outside the library door. Hardly had I closed the lid, and taken up my book, when Dr. Sterne made his appearance. He sat down, and began to talk.

I was not long in making out the object of his visit. Whether it was that his lynx eyes had discovered the state of things that existed between his daughter and myself, or whether he had simply made up his mind that I could be of no use to him, I could not determine; but he soon gave me to understand that in his opinion I ought not to remain any longer under Dr. Monk's roof.

With some indignation, I replied that I had been working for my bread, as I had taken my full share of nursing Dr. Monk. I added that I did not in any degree hold myself responsible to Dr. Sterne; but that if he chose to return to the subject next day, I might then, perhaps, be able to give him an answer. I said this, hoping that I might learn something of importance before the morrow dawned. My answer was a reasonable one, and Dr. Sterne was obliged to be content with it.

A large part of that day I had spent at Dr. Monk's bedside. The patient, I may mention, had now a healthy complexion and a fair appetite, and he could talk a little about commonplace matters, such as eating and drinking; but he had not yet strength to stand, or to converse in a rational manner. It would be his servant Adam's turn to sit by him from nine to twelve that night, and these hours I mentally determined to spend in investigating the contents of the casket.

Slowly the moments crept by. I found myself growing more and more excited as the hour approached when I hoped to learn the solution of the mysteries by which I was surrounded. Slowly, and (as it seemed to me) yet more slowly, the hand moved over the dial-plate of the small clock which stood on the table of the sick-room.

At last it was time.

I sprang to my feet as I heard Adam's footsteps on the stairs, and glancing hastily round to make sure that everything needed was at hand, and that I need not, therefore, suffer any interruption, I hurried to the library.

After carefully locking the door, I opened the casket and took out three objects—first, a manuscript closely written and neatly folded; secondly, a tube similar to that which I had already seen; thirdly, a small phial containing a dark-coloured fluid. A moment's examination satisfied me that this was the fluid with which the fibrous stuff in the tube had been saturated.

Replacing the tube and the phial, I unrolled the paper and sat down to read it. This is what I read:

"If you, whoever you may be that opens this paper, have no desire of immortality, or if you feel yourself unworthy of so stupendous a gift, destroy this manuscript without reading farther. If you wish to know the secret of perpetual youth read on, for I have solved the great problem."

"For many years I had pondered the question, What is the principle of life? or, in other words, What is the true cause of death? Why should an old man die? Take a healthy old man—his organs are still serviceable, his food still nourishes him. Why should he die, as it were, of mere old age? Why should he die of eighty years any more than he should die of sixty years or of forty?"

"After infinite toil and pains I discovered the reason of this—the hidden cause of life and of death."

"Listen. When Harvey found out the fact of the circulation of the blood he made a great discovery, but he did not go quite far enough. I have learned that there circulates in the veins of every human being, and of every vertebrate animal, along with the blood, a colourless, odourless fluid, exceedingly minute in quantity. It might perhaps be considered a constituent of the blood, as the two fluids occupy the same channels, but I prefer to consider them as distinct. They may exist separately, though they are never separate in Nature."

"This colourless fluid is the true principle of life, and, unlike the blood and other secretions, which increase with the consumption of food, it never can be increased in volume after the age of maturity has been passed. For a certain number of years the vital fluid (and shall call it) increases by nourishment, and so long as this is the case the body grows. When it is no longer increased, the body stops growing, and thenceforward the body lives upon the fluid which it possesses. It may use it extravagantly or sparingly, and the man will live for a longer or a shorter period, according as he husband his vital strength well or ill. Putting disease and accident aside, the man will live as long as this fluid runs in his veins, or (to put it in another way), so long as his blood retains this vital constituent."

"Having discovered this fact, I next asked myself whether this all-important liquid could be transferred from one member of the human family to another. I argued that there was no reason why it should not be so transferred. Medical science had already saved the lives of dying persons by transferring to their veins warm healthy blood from the veins of another human being. If blood could be successfully transmitted, why not the companion fluid? In practice, however, there was the difficulty that one's veins could only contain a (comparatively) small quantity of imported blood, and that transmitted blood would carry with it but an infinitesimal quantity of the vital fluid—perhaps none at all. I wanted the vital fluid without the blood."

"Years passed, and I had searched in vain for a solution of this difficulty. At last I found that it had been solved for me by a scientist of the so-called 'dark' ages. On a fly-leaf of a volume which had belonged to Erasmus I noticed a writing in cypher. With some trouble I deciphered the secret writing, and found to my amazement that it was a transcript from some long-forgotten manuscript, giving a perfectly clear account of the discovery I myself had made! And, better still, it mentioned by name and by description a certain plant, the juice of which had a peculiar affinity for 'the life of the blood,' as the old writer called it."

"I had now to find the plant, and this would have been an impossible task had I not happened to meet with its name in a book upon the worship of Vishnu. I went to India, and found that a drop or two of this liquid is put into all the food offered to Vishnu the Destroyer!"

"With great trouble, and at considerable personal risk, I obtained a small quantity of the drug, and soaking in it a piece of cotton fibre, I manufactured an aqueduct, as it were, by which the life-giving stream might pass from one body to another. After a few experiments upon animals, which were entirely successful, I persuaded my faithful attendant, Adam, to let me take a few ounces of blood from his arm, and transfer them to my own veins. As he was a fine healthy fellow, he made no objections, and I drew from him (I am convinced) a large share of the vital fluid which he possessed. He is now a healthy human automaton, whose blood, well nourished in its coarser elements, is wanting in real vitality. Adam will never live to be an old man. Some thoughtless persons might consider that this was rather inconsiderate conduct towards a tried and valued servant; but I may point out that the object was not merely my personal increase of years and strength, but the advancement of science; and that principle, of course, overrides all scruples arising out of the ordinary rules of morality."

"I may mention here, that in the pride of my discovery I confided my great secret to my old friend and master in science, Dr. Sterne. He was delighted with it. I refused, however, to part with any of the drug, and only lent him, occasionally, my tube ready charged with it. Judging from his appearance, I should say that he has taken full advantage of the opportunities afforded him."

"I have only to add that in dealing with this, as with all other important secrets of nature, it is necessary to observe a certain moderation. And special care should be taken to select a suitable subject for the experiment. The subject should be free from bad dispositions, fierce or criminal passions, and the like. For dispositions pass by the blood from mother to child, and it is this 'vital fluid' which is their vehicle. In transferring it, therefore, care must be taken to select a person of innocent character. And, further, the operator must be careful to select a person of less inherent vitality than himself. As the smaller current joins the larger, as the large air-bubble swallows up the smaller, so the mysterious vital fluid will rush from the veins of the weaker man to those of the stronger."

I dropped the manuscript on the floor, and sat for some minutes absorbed in thought. All was explained now. Monk had drugged my coffee, and had introduced his tube into my arm as I slept. In spite, however, of my half-starved condition, my "inherent vitality," to use Monk's phrase, my stamina, had been greater than his own. Instead of drawing away my life he had unwittingly been yielding up his own to me, and had at length fainted from exhaustion, when the tube, falling from his arm, had dropped on the library floor. In this way I had acquired those strange contradictory feelings, that mysterious expression in my eyes which had so startled and horrified me.

There were yet a few lines to read, added, apparently, at a later date.

"I have just discovered" (Monk had written) "to my horror that I cannot procure any more of the precious drug."

"Dr. Monk's Experiment" is a good story, don't you think? I am glad to announce that the author has just written a serial especially for *Short Stories*, entitled "The Tenth of June."

And I have only one small phial left! When that is gone I shall die! I, the discoverer of the secret of life, shall die like a dog for want of a little dark-coloured liquid! It is intolerable! Yet when I visited Nupore, the priest who had sold it to me was gone, and no priest, either of that or of any other temple, would confess that he had ever so much as heard the name of the drug I wanted to buy! Evidently the fact of my purchase had become known, and stringent measures had been taken to prevent any such desecration in future. What am I to do?"

Then came three lines of a later postscript:
"And Sterne demands half of what I have left—that means half of my whole future life—as the price of Muriel's hand!"

As I read these words, I sprang to my feet with a cry of joy. I held in my hand the price of Muriel's redemption!

CHAPTER 4.

THE following morning, scruples which I dared not leave unanswered began to arise in my mind.

Dr. Monk had tried to rob me of my life, but did that give me any right to rob him of what might be the means of bringing him back to health and strength? That was one question, but there were others. Had I, or any one, a right to give back strength to Monk by this means? No. Then what right had I to put into the hands of this Dr. Sterne the power of stealing the life-blood of his fellow-men? Could I descend to be a participator in so unnatural a crime?

I could find no answer to these questions; and the day passed without my being able to make up my mind.

In the evening I went to Dr. Sterne's in the hope of seeing Muriel.

I did see her, but only for a moment.

"We must say good-bye for ever," she whispered, as she clung to my hand. "My father and I are going to India. We start to-morrow."

"To India!" I echoed. But I thought I understood. Dr. Sterne, despairing of finding the drug he wanted in Monk's house, had resolved to seek it for himself. Probably Dr. Monk had let fall a hint to the effect that he had procured it from India.

I had barely time to whisper in reply that there was yet hope, that I would follow her to the end of the world, when her father entered the room.

"Come into my laboratory," he said to me. We can talk there without any chance of interruption.

I followed him into the laboratory—a large room, furnished partly as a chemical and physiological work-room, partly as a study.

"I was not aware until lately," said the doctor, coldly, "that you had taken advantage of my kindness to make surreptitious love to my daughter. But it matters little, for we leave England to-morrow."

"I know where you are going, and I know why you are going," I burst out.

"Ah! My daughter has told you."

"Only that you are going to India; but she does not know the real cause of your going."

"And you do?"

"Yes, I do. You want to get some of that black drug which Monk puts in the silver tube?"

An indescribable change came over the doctor's face. His eyes lit up with an unearthly fire.

"Then you have found—?" he cried.

"Yes; I have discovered the secret. I have found the drug itself."

"My dear sir, I congratulate you." The doctor's manner was frank and genial once more. "Your discovery may be, in proper hands, of immense importance. You will let me see this fluid?"

"No!"

"But you cannot use it!"

"Yes, I could, if I chose."

"Will you share it with me?" asked the doctor, after a pause. "If you will consent to do this," he added, significantly, "all other difficulties between us will be easily arranged. Don't let any thought of Monk trouble you. The poor, stupid fellow will never be more than what he is now—an overgrown child. I repeat that I will place no obstacle to your wishes if you will only oblige me in this small matter."

The temptation was great. I did not dare to dwell upon it. "No!" I shouted, "I will not become an accessory to murder!"

The doctor's face was for a moment like that of a tiger, and I thought he was about to spring on me. Suddenly his expression changed, and he burst into a scornful laugh.

"You may go, then," said he, and he pointed to the door.

I rose and walked away, but before I had gone half-a-dozen paces a thought struck me. I went back to my chair and sat down.

"Let us talk of this matter calmly," said I. "In the enterprise which you have before you, and in the life which you no doubt mean to lead, Miss Sterne can only be an incumbrance to you. You do not want her. If you give her to me I will do this for you—I will give you a tube properly charged, and allow you to take some of the vital fluid from my own veins."

I could see that the doctor started. For some time he sat in silence, evidently weighing my offer in his mind, and I took care to say nothing to disturb him.

"I consent," he said at last. "Bring the tube here, and we will carry out the operation at once."

I insisted, first of all, that there should be a formal engagement between Muriel and myself. To this Dr. Sterne agreed.

Muriel was sent for, and, to her amazement, I asked her in her father's presence, whether she would be my wife. Dr. Sterne gave a surly nod of assent, and with a low cry my darling hid her face on my shoulder.

"That will do now," said the doctor, harshly. "You had better go, Muriel. And you, sir, had better go back to Dr. Monk's, and fetch me those things you spoke of."

Muriel and I left the room together, and snatched a few delicious moments ere I left the house.

"You are coming back," said Muriel, clinging to me, as we stood at the hall door.

"Yes; but I shall not be able to see you, my darling," I replied. "To-morrow—"

I stopped. A foreboding of evil seemed to press with a mountain's weight upon my heart.

"Ah, yes! to-morrow. But what is the matter? You look so strange!"

"Nothing, dearest; nothing. I must leave you now. Your father expects me to make haste."

I tore myself away from her, and ran back to Dr. Monk's house. Opening the secret casket I took out the tube and the phial, and charged the tube by taking out the fibrous thread and soaking it for a minute or two in the phial. I then replaced it in the tube, which I wrapped up carefully in a sheet of paper and put in my pocket. The phial, after some hesitation, I put back into the casket, which I securely fastened.

On presenting myself again at Dr. Sterne's, I found all prepared to receive me. I sat down on a couch which had been made ready for me, and the doctor, without speaking a word, took a chair at my side. I bared my left arm, and he imitated my example. In another moment two small incisions had been made, the tube had been applied, and I knew that my life was being slowly drained away.

For some minutes I was not conscious of any particular sensation. I looked at Dr. Sterne, and found that his eyes were fixed intently on my face. I tried to look away from him—in vain. His eyes fascinated me like a serpent's.

A few seconds later the doctor began to make some motions before my eyes with his right hand. My ideas became confused, indistinct, I was falling into a mesmeric trance!

Like a flash the danger burst on my mind. He meant to have every drop of the vital fluid I had in my veins! One effort, one desperate effort I made to wrench my arm away, but the doctor was infinitely stronger than I; his left arm was above mine, and his left hand kept my arm pinned to the couch, while with his right hand he continued to make those mysterious passes before my eyes.

My strength gave way, my muscles relaxed, I fell into unconsciousness. The last thing I remember was the cruel smile on the doctor's face as his eyes glared into mine. No! I have a dim remembrance of hearing a cry, of seeing a figure in white bending over me.

When I came to myself an old servant of Dr. Sterne's, whom I had sometimes observed about the house, was standing with Muriel beside my couch. This woman had been a favourite "medium" with Dr. Sterne, and she had learned from him something of the mesmeric art. She it was who had restored me to consciousness. I sat up, wondering that I felt so well, and Muriel, putting her arm round my shoulders, told me what had happened.

She had not known that I had come back to the house, and had gone to the laboratory by chance to speak to her father. Hearing no answer to her knock, she had entered, and saw me lying apparently lifeless on the couch, while her father sat beside me. The hints she had picked up from her father and from Dr. Monk made her understand something of what was going on, and she had at once snatched away the fatal tube, and called aloud for Margaret.

"And your father?" I asked.

"He rushed out of the room, crying out something I did not understand," answered Muriel.

My arm was soon bound up, and to my joy I found that I was no weaker than I had been before I met Dr. Monk. Fortunately, I had been delivered in time.

But where was the man who had tried to kill me?

I went into the hall in search of him, leaving Muriel and the servant in the laboratory. From the hall I passed into the dining-room, and there I found him—dead!

He had broken a blood-vessel, and had bled to death. Nor was it difficult to account for this catastrophe. His arteries and veins had been unable to bear the strain he had laid on them. As an over-supply of food, or of alcohol, or of oxygen, will kill a man, so an over-supply of the life-giving fluid had slain Dr. Sterne. His greed of life had caused his death.

I remained some days longer an inmate of Dr. Monk's house, as it was necessary for me to attend the inquest and make arrangements for Dr. Sterne's funeral.

Together Muriel and I searched his papers, but his property, if he had any beyond the few pounds which were in the house, was so well hidden away that we could not find it. We discovered, however, certain letters, from which we learnt, to our relief, that Muriel was not Dr. Sterne's child. She was the orphan daughter of a former friend, or victim, of her reputed father.

From a letter which came one day for Dr. Monk, I found his lawyer's address, and I at once communicated with that gentleman. A week afterwards, Monk and his faithful attendant were settled in a small cottage, more suitable than a large house for their requirements. A physician whom I called in told me that Dr. Monk would regain a certain amount of strength, but that he would never be capable of managing his own affairs. On hearing this I once more opened the casket, and, taking out the phial, I poured its contents upon the ground. The manuscript I committed to the flames.

At length, one bright spring day, Muriel and I, alone and almost penniless, set our faces towards London.

It was necessary that I should find some friends, and as a preliminary measure I called on a Mr. Quillet, an old friend of my father's. From him I learnt that my uncle was dead. He had died childless, and as he had made no will, I inherited one-half of his property—a sum amounting to thirty-two thousand pounds.

Six weeks after we reached London, Muriel and I were married. I need only add that since our wedding-day the old look of sadness has not once appeared in my wife's dear eyes.

THE END.

JUST THE OPPOSITE.

AN Irishman who was employed in an ironworks was advised by his physician to seek some employment where the labour was less severe, on account of an enlargement of the heart. He proceeded, therefore, to set up a small grocery, which was well patronised by his friends.

He was not in the habit of diminishing his prospects of financial success by giving the best weight, and one afternoon, when a customer asked for a pound of sugar, he added pinch by pinch until the scale barely turned.

"Pat," inquired the customer, looking up innocently at his careful weigher, "phwat was it the docther said was ailin' ye?"

"Inlargement av the heart," answered Pat, with pride.

"Well, thin," said the customer, "it's toime ye were changin' yer docther, Pat, the wan that's tindin' ye now don't understand yer disease, me b'y. Yer heart is gettin' smaller moighty fast, an' it's in great danger ye are!"

THE COSTLIEST PARLIAMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT may not be generally known that the costliest Parliament in the world is the democratic one of France, the two Chambers annually costing the nation upwards of £300,000. Next in order come the Parliaments of Spain, £89,200; Italy, £86,000; Austria, £72,000; England, £51,920; Belgium, £36,000; and Portugal, £30,120.

The German Reichstag costs £19,000. In France £815 per diem is the price paid for the privilege of having laws made by the Chamber of Deputies. The expenditure of 1895 is fixed at £297,420. More than £200,000 is swallowed up by the "salaries" of the legislators, each deputy receiving £360, and the President £2,880. The staff of the House consists of 243 persons, costing £28,860. There is, consequently, nearly one servant for every two deputies. The librarian's bill for new books never falls below £880, most of it being spent on works of fiction.

In the time of the Empire, novels were the books chiefly read in the library, and there are shelves packed with the works of Gaborian, Paul Féval, Ernest Feydeau, Octave Feuillet, and others. The library is a delightful room, and the favourite lounge of deputies at the Palais Bourbon.

Among the officials is a rat-catcher, who has a salary of £28, and one whose duty it is to mend the umbrellas of deputies. His post was invented in the time of Louis Philippe, who never walked out without one, and so elderly and influential gentlemen adopted the fashion of carrying umbrellas, and eschewing walking-sticks. Hence the call for an umbrella-mender.

The expense of the medical staff is £460, and of the lavatories £1,440. This latter sum does not include the cost of brushes and sponges (£218), nor of scented soap and eau de Cologne (£60). The remainder of the expenditure is spent chiefly on printing.

In 1891 the printer's bill amounted to nearly £41,000, of which £7,400 went for documents relating to the new Customs tariff. These extravagant expenses are, to say the least, curious, considering that the national character of the French leans to cautious thrift.

"My friends tell me that there is a magic spell about my writings," said the author, complacently, as the editor glanced at his manuscript.

"There is; but I prefer Webster's style of orthography myself," said the editor, as he handed the manuscript back.

"MR. HAWKINS," said she, "I wish you'd decide a bet. Mr. Johnson says it is only five hundred feet from here to the beach, and I say it's one thousand."

"Well," said the diplomatic Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It's about five hundred of Johnson's feet and a thousand of yours."

"MISS TWILLING," said Mr. Calloway, glancing down at his shining boots with a complacent air, "don't you like to see a man looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box, his clothes nicely brushed, and everything about him indicating refinement?"

"Yes, Mr. Calloway, I do," answered Miss Twilling, with a significant look. "I like to see such a man as you have described about once a year."

AT THE WRONG END OF THE BOX.—At a certain stall in Covent Garden Market, recently, the big luscious-looking strawberry seemed very much confused. "What's the matter?" asked a little strawberry lying near.

"I don't know. I seem to have lost myself. Everything looks so strange and unfamiliar here."

"Don't you know where you are, eh?"

"No, I am quite sure I never was here before. What place do you call this?"

"This? Why this is the bottom of the box."

You will find "The Tenth of June" a most fascinating story, and I should advise you to order at once the issue of *Short Stories*, dated March 23rd, published on Tuesday, March 19th, in which the first instalment appears.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

22. Which is the Oldest Commercial Company now in Existence?

The oldest joint stock company now existing is the New River Company, which was incorporated by Royal charter in the year 1619. Its shares now bring almost fabulous prices. In 1880, one was sold for £14,000; in 1878, one for £93,000; and in 1889, one-eighth of a share at the rate of £100,000. The oldest company concerned with commerce, in the strictest sense of the word, is the Hudson's Bay Company, founded with a charter granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and others in 1670. The Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly of the fur trade over all British North America, from 60° to 142° W. longitude, excepting Canada, Newfoundland, and British Columbia. In 1868, by order of Parliament, it surrendered its territories to the Crown for the sum of £300,000; still retaining its trading rights, actual settlements, and one-twentieth of its lands actually set apart for settlement at that time. The Bank of England was founded in 1694, and the Bank of Scotland in 1695.

2388. What Flower can be Grown in the Greatest Number of Distinct Colours?

Such a number of flowers can be produced in almost every shade of colour, from the deepest black to the purest white, and through every conceivable gradation of the colours of the rainbow, that it is impossible to point to any one particular flower as furnishing a complete answer to the question. The pansy can be grown both white and black, as well as yellow, green, blue, and all intermediate shades, the only deficiency being in the scarlet and allied hues. The pea flower may be grown in every colour but pure black. Dahlias and roses are capable of most shades of colour. The one colour lacking in the case of these flowers is blue, which has only at present been produced by chemical means. Some of the shades of yellow and the pure black are alone needed to make the full complement of colours in the case of the aster, whilst the chrysanthemum and hyacinth lack only the darkest shades of blue and brown, and their final development, black.

2390. Which is the most Salient Point of Difference Between a Civilised and an Uncivilised People?

Organisation. Just as a dog is sharply distinguished from an oyster because it is more highly organised, so civilised society is most strongly contrasted with savage man in its adaptation to a greater number of functions. A barbarian lives in a narrow world, limited by a few coarse tastes and pleasures. The industrial arts are almost unknown to him, his modes of government are simple in the extreme, his manners are rude and violent, his capacity for literature and the fine arts is almost non-existent, his ignorance of natural laws is profound, his ability to comprehend large questions in philosophy and politics is contemptibly small, his morals are usually low. When he rises to higher social levels his mind opens to take in an ever-widening universe, and he develops new faculties adapted to his larger life. The higher his civilisation the more varied and the more organised are his capacities. A higher civilisation does not necessarily imply a higher morality. Rome under the Emperors was more civilised than Rome under the Republic, because it was more elaborately organised, but it was far less moral. There is reason to believe that the highest civilisation will, in process of time, be also the most moral. Immorality in a state implies a certain amount of disorganisation. A perfect organisation is one that performs all its functions with equal completeness, and works towards the highest well-being of every member of it.

2393. In which Country does the Government Monopolise the Largest Number of Trades or Professions?

Germany. In that country the departments especially belonging to the legislation, administration, or control of the empire and its government are: all matters connected with the army, navy, post, and telegraphy, passports, emigration, colonisation, political laws of the citizen, the whole civil law, coinage, banking, commerce, navigation, the railways, and other branches. All these departments are more or less under the control of the Government, and, if not altogether monopolised, are very largely so. Thus, ninety per cent. of the railways of Germany belong to the State, and telephones are mostly State property.

2391. Which British Colony Contains the Largest Number of Nationalities?

Taking the word colony in its commonly-accepted sense, British Guiana holds the palm. There, among the labouring classes, besides the aboriginal Indians—called bucks in the colony—you will find negroes from Africa, creoles from all the West Indian islands, British, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish, and of every colour, working with coolies from every part of India, among these latter being a few Afghans; Chinese, Portuguese, the mixed Portuguese and African race from the Cape de Verdi Islands, Arabs from Algiers (escaped from the Cayenne convict settlements), and occasionally a gang of European sailors, and an odd Venezuelan Spaniard. The planters are, as a rule, British, though even amongst them there are exceptions, Dutchmen from Surinam being the most numerous, and there are several Norwegians and Frenchmen, with a sprinkling of German and Danish chemists connected with the sugar factories. The mercantile classes are represented by British (from home, creole, and Canadian), Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Portuguese, Maltese, Chinese, East Indians; and of late years there has always been a number of Italian pedlars, and recently a Japanese merchant was selling his wares. To a stranger the markets and streets of Georgetown, the capital, present with the diversified hues of the dresses and faces of the different races represented a blending of picturesque colour that would be unique in any part of the globe.

2392. In which Country does it Pay Least to Become a Bankrupt?

In olden times the Romans and Athenians exercised the most rigorous measures for procuring satisfaction of a debt, even permitting the sale of the debtor into slavery for this purpose. The modern tendency, however, is to put the mildest construction on the debtor's failure, and attribute it to misfortune as far as possible. In England the disabilities accompanying bankruptcy are probably, taken all in all, greater than in any other country, especially to those who hold responsible positions. Thus, a bankrupt is disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords or Commons, from acting as a justice of the peace, or as a mayor, alderman, or overseer of the poor, or as a member of any school, highway, or burial board, until the bankruptcy is annulled. Honest bankruptcy, if we may so term it, is thus heavily punished in addition to the sequestration of everything except personal property, the available realised assets being equally divided amongst all those creditors who have sent in sworn proofs of their claims. This means, in absolute bankruptcy, that no furniture—nothing, in fact, remains for the bankrupt. In addition to this there is the inability to carry on trade until the business is settled, and this may, and often does, go on for years. Fraudulent bankruptcy is justly punished, fraudulent debtors being brought within the provisions of the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, the Public Prosecutor carrying on the prosecution.

2396. What is the True Colour of Gold, and how has it been Ascertained?

The colour of gold varies with its state and the conditions under which it is observed. As we ordinarily see it—that is, by reflected light—it is a rich, bright yellow. If a thin film of it is attached to a plate of glass, it is still seen to be yellow by reflected light, but by transmitted light it appears green. If this film is floated

upon a solution of cyanide of potassium, and afterwards raised to a temperature of about 600 degrees Fahrenheit, it loses its metallic lustre, and the light passing through it is a pure ruby red. Raised to over 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, gold fuses and then appears of a bluish-green colour. In the oxy-hydrogen jet the metal is driven off in vapour, and then it is purple. By dissolving it in aqua regia, diluting the solution with water, and adding proto-sulphate of iron, we obtain a finely-divided precipitate, which, when suspended in water, appears purple by transmitted light; but if viewed by reflected light it is seen to be brown. This brown tint would be considered by some to be the true colour of gold. Other authorities, however, hold that the metal has no one colour which can be described as "true" any more than phosphorus has, which is white or red, according to the process by which it is prepared.

2397. Which is the most Curious Coincidence in the History of Invention?

This is unquestionably furnished by the case of Eli Whitney, and his grandson of the same name. The grandfather made himself famous by the invention of cotton gin, by which the process of separation of the cotton from the seed was rendered easier and more rapid. This notable invention revolutionised the cotton industry, and was in the main responsible for the war of the rebellion by enhancing the value of slaves. Eli Whitney, the grandson, has recently perfected a "cotton harvester," and from the particulars of the machine which have been published it would seem that the grandson is likely to become as famous as the grandfather. The cotton harvester, manipulated by two men and two horses, is capable, it is said, of performing the work of one hundred men, and should the machine be extensively employed many of the negroes in the cotton States of America will have to seek employment elsewhere. A more equal distribution of negroes throughout the States will thereby be effected, the far-reaching results of which it is impossible to predict.

2398. Is it Possible to be Poisoned by Hard Work?

Yes. There is a disease known to physicians as "fatigue fever," induced by injudicious and excessive exertion, in which exhaustion is followed by loss of muscular movement, and finally produces in the muscles themselves toxic or poisonous products that set up a feverish condition, followed by extreme debility, precisely as if the person so affected had passed through a fever. The body has been aptly described as a "laboratory of poisons," and, in the condition described, nervous exhaustion prevents their elimination in the ordinary way. Persons whose muscles are "not in condition" are specially susceptible to this dangerous accumulation of poisonous elements and change of muscular structure. In animals, excessive exertion is frequently attended with fatal results, as in the case of the horse that is over-ridden and cattle that are over-driven. Soldiers, too, in long forced marches rarely recover from fever attacks; and that the blood undergoes deterioration during over-exertion is proved by its fluid state in animals that have been hunted to death, and by the rapidity with which the body in such cases passes into putridity.

2399. What is the Origin of the Phrase "He isn't Worth his Salt"?

Salt is a universal food. Everyone takes it, consciously or unconsciously. But its cost is so trifling that the expense of each person's salt is less than the expense of any other one thing that he partakes of habitually. To say, therefore, that a man is not "worth his salt" is to say that he is not capable of earning even the humblest accessory to a meal—that he is, in fact, worthless. It is interesting to note that the word "salary" is derived from the Latin *sal*, salt. Roman officials, when absent from home on duty, were paid a limited sum, which was nominally intended to cover the cost of their salt, and really to meet their travelling expenses. When a man talks of "drawing his salary," and depends upon it for a living, he rarely realises that the word he uses properly means his "salt-money." In this sense, too, it would not be out of place to speak of anyone as "not worth his salt." It is difficult to assert definitely which of these two explanations affords the true derivation.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2421. What is believed to be the greatest amount of booty ever won in a single battle?
2422. Which was the most dangerous pun ever made?
2423. Who is the laziest man that ever rose to eminence through his own exertions?
2424. What justification is there for the assertion "Those whom the Gods love die young"?
2425. Why do the most evenly-bedded rocks so often make the steepest mountains?
2426. How large a vocabulary does a person need in order to read a modern newspaper intelligently?
2427. In which war has the vanquished power been most completely crushed?
2428. Why are wages usually lower in provincial towns, however large, than in London?
2429. Which theories of modern warfare has the Chino-Japanese war most strikingly verified or disproved?
2430. Which pulpit utterance has most influenced the course of British history?

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The Reader is invited to write for full Prospectus.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

He took her playing tennis
With the racket poised to serve,
He took her in the hammock
'Neath the elm tree's graceful curve.

He took her picking blossoms
In the garden, rich with bloom,
He took her by the fireplace
In a quaint old-fashioned room.

He took her in the doorway
With the green vines arching o'er,
He took her at the seaside,
Standing on the sandy shore.

He took her sad and smiling,
And the maid was not averse,
So finally he took her
For the better or the worse.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"You aver," said the black-browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated cantatrice, Mme. Squalkins? Prove it and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cuttaveezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets? No orchestra? And not a penny in the box-office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."

RAT-COURSING.

MANY people will be surprised to hear that rat-coursing attracts the northern sportsman; but it is none the less true. He holds it to be very good sport indeed, and so rat-coursing is a common and well-advertised amusement. The landlord of a public-house in the neighbourhood will announce, perhaps, that he "will give £3 to be coursed for at rats by all classes of terriers; fighting dogs barred."

A sweepstake will be made with this sum and the entry fees, and the draw carried out as carefully as though for the Waterloo Cup. A professional rat-catcher usually "finds the referee and rats," charging for the latter about four shillings a dozen.

When all is ready, and the clamouring crowd is assembled round the inclosed green, the first rat is dropped without hope of escape, the pair of dogs are slipped after the beast has obtained a certain start, and the first to kill wins. The rat doubles and twists and turns with amazing dexterity, and the dogs are required to be clever rather than swift.

The person who liberates the rats dips his hands into a sack full of them, and deftly pitches one at a time on to the green; he is proud, too, of his revolting office.

Another sport of the same sort, and a well-patronised one, is not dignified by the name of coursing. It is "rat-killing" plain and simple. No shamefacedness induces the man who loves it to hide its horrors under the shadow of a nicer title.

In this case the "sport" usually proceeds from a match made between two smart dogs, the challenge being that one will kill a certain number of rats in a shorter time than the other. When the match is made the respective sides provide, say, twenty rats each, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the beasts are often starved a little, so that they may be thin, wiry, and active when the day of slaughter comes.

The men then proceed to bet about it and to make a great fuss, betting and fuss being essential to the enjoyment of any sport up North, and finally, at the proper time, twenty of the rats are put in a pit.

They are made to run round and round in a circle, the first dog is released, the time-keeper touches his stop-watch, and the relentless teeth of the trained slayer close fiercely and rapidly upon the necks of the circling vermin. His head flashes an instant in the air as he tosses one dead beast over his shoulder and flashes again an instant as it descends to crunch the next in order, and so rapidly is the disgusting business done that the twenty rats will often be killed in little over twenty seconds.

Then the next dog has its turn with the other twenty rats, and upon comparison of their respective times depends the victory. Can anything more degrading and offensive be imagined?

EVOLUTION OF A NAME.

AN amusing account is given of the evolution of a name. A man named Halfpenny lived in Dublin at the end of the last century. Having been very successful in business, his children persuaded him to change his name to a more dignified one, which he did by dropping the last letter.

In the course of time the orthography was also changed, and when the man died he was buried as Mr. Halpen. The fortunes of the family increased still further, and the son soon dropped the H.

The next transition was an equally easy one, and he, who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny, came out as Kenneth MacAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings.

A GOOD OLD DINNER CUSTOM.

EVERY year the Russians are abandoning some of their ancient customs. Let us recall one, which is extremely curious, before it is completely forgotten.

In olden times, when a wealthy Russian gave a dinner, the mistress of the house never sat at table with the men; but, arrayed in her most gorgeous costume, she entered the banqueting-hall during the repast, followed by some servants, and placed a glass of brandy in the hand of the most honoured guest, after having wetted her lips with its contents.

While he was drinking she retired quickly, and, having changed her dress, returned and did the same honour to a second guest, and so on in succession down to the last of them.

Then retreating to the wall, with downcast looks and arms hanging by her sides, she received a kiss from each of the guests. This ceremony was observed only in the families of the rich.

Our modern dining-rooms scarcely contain sufficient room for a score of guests; but in case we should feel disposed to adopt this remarkable custom in our own country, who knows if, in consideration of the varied toilettes it necessitates, our charming young Englishwomen might not resign themselves to the trifling inconvenience of the finale?

FOND OF SHOW.

THE men of Portugal are as fond of show as are the women. Their fingers are nearly always loaded with rings, and about their bodies, which are often as round as the bowls of their tobacco pipes, hang chains, as thick as ropes, from which are suspended bunches of trinkets.

The Portuguese dandy is very fond of anything that will attract public attention to his much-esteemed person. Above his snowy vest he wears a cravat of gleaming colours, whilst in his buttonhole is stuck a full-blown rose of inordinate size. I think I am pretty right in saying that most of the promenaders I have seen strutting about in the chief thoroughfares on Sunday, with a riding whip in their hands and handsome spurs on their heels, have never set foot in stirrup.

The spur is to them a sort of sign of nobility, which they arrogate to themselves, a relic of the privileges of the old chivalry. I have noticed that a good many state officials work in spurs, as if about to do battle, and when these knights of the quill, these fencibles with silk braces, peacefully render up their souls, I have no doubt that their spurs will be laid upon their tombs.

A RETURNED South-American traveller says that they train boa-constrictors in those latitudes to lasso cattle with themselves.

CUSTOMER: "Why, this is a new shade of red."
ASSISTANT: "Yes, madam. That is the Anarchist tint."

CUSTOMER: "How did it come to get that name?"
ASSISTANT: "It won't wash."

"If you think I'm such a conceited ass, why do you have anything to do with me? Why keep all my letters to you, for instance?"

"My dear boy, I am keeping those letters to show you five years from now, just to convince you that you are what I say you are."

Two little boys were invited out to tea at the house of a third little boy, and their mother told them that if there were cakes for tea only to take one each. At the tea-table a plate of very tiny cakes was passed round. Freddy, the older boy, looked at the diminutive "baby" cakes a moment, and then took two, saying, as he did so, to his little brother:

"You may take two, Willie. I'm sure mamma didn't think they would be so very small."

PER COFFIN EXPRESS.

THERE is probably nothing more conventional in this world than the average funeral—the lugubrious mourner, paid to appear morbid and sickly, the hideous mourning coach, the equally objectionable hearse, and the stale device of plumes; when you have these things you have a British funeral procession, hypocritical, horrid, hackneyed.

Anything funereal which is not orthodox deserves attention, and this was the reason I paid a visit on a recent occasion to the London Necropolis Company's private station adjoining Waterloo. The Necropolis Company, the owners of Brookwood Cemetery, are the biggest undertakers in England. On their premises by Waterloo they keep as many as 200 ready-made coffins, with huge stacks of funeral paraphernalia, besides two mortuaries, and they have enough space to bury every Londoner for the next 100 years.

But the most interesting thing about the company is, that they run a daily coffin train to Woking and back, and it was for the purpose of travelling by this train as a live passenger that I visited the station. This train is specially reserved by the South Western Railway, and sometimes as many as forty coffins and forty distinct funeral parties travel by it in a day.

Each coffin truck, or hearse, as it is called, is divided into compartments for each impassive passenger, while to prevent a mixture of mourners a superintendent is deputed for each funeral. Each set of mourners waits in a reserved waiting-room until the train is ready to depart. As I do not wish to make this article more gruesome than necessary, I decline to state the vulgar term this train has earned, but I will mention that it has carried over 100,000 corpses.

An order came in the other day to bury a man in a bit of brown paper, just as if he had been a piece of cheese; but how the customer expected the company to carry the body passes comprehension. Sometimes, again, people insist on burying their friends in baskets, hampers, and copper coffins.

In my train I noticed an earth-to-earth coffin, a contrivance which perishes in five days. As many as sixty corpses have been on the company's railway premises at one time, the coffins being taken from the level of the road to the rails by a lift capable of carrying sixteen defunct passengers. From this they are wheeled into the railway train, each one being solemnly placed in its own little compartment.

Considering that he has been the companion of corpses for twenty-six years, and that the company has now on hand one huge job of removing 5,000 bodies from a London burial ground, most people would think the guard of the train would wear a worried look; on the contrary, he is a singularly robust and hearty individual.

The payment of the railway company is at the rate of so much per corpse, as settled by Act of Parliament; and the first, second, and third class system applies to the dead as well as to the living. The Act says that the charge shall not exceed:

For each corpse of the pauper class . . .	£0 2 6
For each corpse of the artisan class . . .	0 5 0
For each other corpse . . .	1 0 0

Up to the present the company have buried 126,000 bodies. From this it would also seem that, coming into contact with so much disease, the undertakers' men would suffer from ill-health. As a matter of fact, no employé of the company has ever been known to catch infection.

The coffin train leaves Waterloo at 11.50 every morning, picking up coffins and mourners on the route. On arrival at Woking, the most complete and far away the most secluded cemetery in the country, the coffins are conveyed to the chapels by means of hand hearses.

Here again are numerous waiting-rooms reserved for mourners. And this reminds me that in the cemetery are something like two dozen chapels, built by and reserved solely for private people. The Parsees have one, but how hampered they are in the burial service for their dead few people know. They can have no religious ceremony, for when once a Parsee priest leaves his native land he ceases to be a priest. Again, if a Parsee touches a coffin he loses caste, and the consequence is they have to content themselves by sitting round the coffin, chanting dirges and burning incense.

As its name implies, the cemetery is a veritable city of the dead. The train comes slowly through the lovely grounds, and deposits its burden at one or the other of the two private stations. By two o'clock most of the funerals are over, and twenty minutes later the coffin train steams slowly out of the cemetery coffinless.

A curious fact in connection with the working of the company is that they act as coffin forwarding agents. It is certainly not generally known that before a coffin containing a corpse for America can be screwed down, the United States Consul must personally examine the corpse, and attach his seal to every screw hole in the coffin.

3 More Burglary Claims Paid. £1,440 IN ALL.

THE claims sent in by Messrs. J. Holmes, 90, Blackheath Hill, S.E.; G. B. Broad, 570, Woolwich Road, Charlton; J. P. Jennings, 1, Beckford Villas, Capworth Street, Leyton, under our Burglary and Housebreaking Insurance system, have been satisfactorily settled by the Ocean Co.

NEW AND STRANGE.

A PLEASANT trip to the North Pole is being organized by Herr Von Payer, of Vienna. The party will include artists, photographers, naturalists, and literary people. Their object will be to secure pictures, natural history specimens, local colour for novels, and so forth, and glass ateliers will be taken to place on land, from which the good people can study the idiosyncrasies of the Polar bear without fear of bodily harm. Tyrolean riflemen will act as caterers and keep the expedition supplied with food.

Among the many proposals submitted as attractions for the Paris International Exhibition of 1900 are the following: The transformation of the Champs de Mars into an enormous lake; the building of a couple of colossal elephants, decorated in Oriental style, with their interiors fitted up as restaurants, ball-rooms, and so forth; the laying of the Eiffel Tower on its side; the raising of the Tower another 600 feet; the digging of a well 9,000 feet deep; and the placing of the entire exposition under one roof of glass.

They are made of the best steel and fitted with ball bearings, so that the friction of the blades is avoided to a great extent, and the working made easy. But, perhaps, I had better say to what I refer. Not bicycles or tricycles, but simply to a pair of scissors which has been sent to me. A new departure in the manufacture of scissors, certainly, and I must say that the ball bearings have the effect of rendering them very easy to work, and at the same time the balls throw the blades "on the cut" from heel to point. They are to be obtained from Nowill & Sons, Scotland Street, Sheffield.

The marvellous natural benefits of cold, frosty air on the appetite and dyspepsia have been recognised by everyone, particularly so by Professor Pictet, of Paris, who is establishing a freezing chamber for the use of patients suffering from indigestion. People will wrap themselves up warmly and comfortably, and loaf about the room, breathing the frozen air and developing prodigious appetites. Of all remedies for the most aggressive of all bodily ailments, this system of frigidotherapy is surely the most grateful and comforting, and it would pay well to establish rooms of this sort all over London, into which people might drop for half-an-hour before lunch to work up their appetites.

The vanity of the American male is responsible for no fewer than eighty patents for various descriptions of moustache guards. The most popular is a gold protector which may be fastened by a spring to any sort of drinking vessel, and is closely followed in masculine favour by another designed more especially for beer tumblers. It consists chiefly of a tube which sinks deep into the body of the liquor in such a way that the drinker is able to keep his moustache clear of the foam. Amongst the other patterns are several intended to be worn after the fashion of spectacles, the actual glasses being replaced by a fine gold or silver wire net which gathers up the moustache and holds it back.

CARLYLE said that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burnt in this world. Carlyle was right. Shakespeare asserted that a spark neglected makes a mighty fire. Shakespeare was right likewise. Cresswell & Sons, of Bradford, say that their asbestos curfew is the embodiment of these particular truths, and that they, and they alone, are in a position to offer the householder a positive means of protecting his home from the fire that comes from the hearth. Cresswell and Sons may be right, too; but they haven't got an altogether unprejudiced voice in making up wise sayings of this sort. The curfew, or *courve feu*, whichever you like, is a decorated asbestos curtain, which is pulled down in front of the open grate at night before retiring, and which may also be used for creating a draught, and as a guard against smoke. It is really an excellent thing, and much wanted. The prices vary from seven-and-twenty shillings upwards, according to the size and amount of decoration. The chief use of the curfew is for smoke prevention. It is the only satisfactory solution of this problem—a problem which has engaged attention for 200 years.

UNTIL now the secret of producing a full grown plant from a seed in a short space of time has been confined to the Yoghis of India. That secret, however, has now passed into the hands of M. Ragonneau, not by actual demonstration from a native, but as the result of keen observation and subsequent experiments. He noticed that the Hindoos performing this trick invariably embedded the seed in soil which they brought with them, and after making inquiries he learnt that they secured this earth from ant hills. Ants, in their physiological construction, contain a large amount of formic acid, which in the course of time becomes imparted to the soil of their habitations. The acid enjoys the property of rapidly dissolving the integument surrounding a seed, and of greatly stimulating the growth of the germ. M. Ragonneau is now able to produce a plant from a seed in thirty minutes. Naturally, this discovery will prove of immense benefit to agriculture. By infusing the insects in boiling water a very strong acid is obtained, and marvellous results are achieved in plant growing by the use of earth moistened with a solution of 5,000 parts of water to one of acid.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

STEPHIAK, the Nihilist, chews tobacco.

THE Queen has sixty pianos at her various residences.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE has saved more lives at the risk of his own than any other living member of a royal house.

THE wealth of John D. Rockefeller, the leading spirit of the Standard Oil Company, accumulates at the rate of £150 an hour.

ABOUT the only subject of which Mr. Gladstone has no real knowledge is that of horsecflesh. He never evinced much interest in any horse except the wooden one of Homer.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT exhibits uncommonly good sense in teaching his offspring to write with both the left and right hands, a plan that is universally adopted in Japanese schools.

MRS. LANGTRY has the finest head of hair of any lady on the stage. She once used a dye, but it disgusted her, and she has never since attempted to improve on Nature's handiwork in this direction.

THAT voluminous writer of boys' stories, Mr. G. A. Henty, is a martyr to rheumatic gout, and gets through his work lying on a sofa, and dictating to a shorthand clerk. Despite this affliction he is a good-tempered man.

How strangely are men constituted. William Black, the novelist, while writing, is disturbed by the slightest footfall. Pinero, the playwright, on the other hand, thinks out his plots and pens them in the best manner in a crowded and noisy hotel.

VARSANY, the Primate of Hungary, is a man of the most simple tastes, and when he first entered office his task was rendered doubly hard by the fact that hitherto he had been but a poor Benedictine monk. He drove to the Primate's palace at Gran in a public cab, carrying on his knees a cage containing his pet canary.

THE craving for Thespian distinctions appears to have taken a hold on Mr. Peter Jackson, the coloured fighting man, who is probably envious of the successes of his ring rival, James Corbett, in this direction. He is very keen on playing "Othello," and has not only learned the part perfectly, but has actually memorised the whole of the play.

I SUPPOSE that not a dozen readers of this paper are familiar with the name of Mrs. Julia A. Carney, or would connect her in any way with the authorship of that single beginning, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." She used to teach a primary school in Boston, America, and while penning a simple article for her little ones on the value of moments unconsciously wrote this verse.

COUNT HIROBUNI ITO, who has held the destinies of Japan for years, has, during his life, travelled far and wide to broaden his views and develop his natural diplomatic capacities. Like all Japs he is not much to look at from a physical point of view, which may, or may not, be attributed to the fact that until recently he was a strict vegetarian. Of late, however, he has displayed a weakness for beef steaks.

LORD DUFFERIN is a yachting enthusiast. He is the owner of a boat constructed on a model of his own invention. In the cabin are arranged a number of levers, similar to those found in signal boxes, and with them his excellency is able to control the working of the boat in the place of a crew. Unhappily he is not now able to indulge in his favourite pastime very frequently, since Paris is a goodly distance from the nearest seaport.

PRINCE LOUIS, only son of the present reigning Prince of Monaco by his first wife, Lady Mary Douglas, sister of the present Duke of Hamilton, holds a commission in the French army. The reason that he did not enter his father's army is to be found in the fact that the defending force of the principality of Monaco consists only of seventy men, four officers, and forty gendarmes. The opportunities of cutting out a brilliant career in an army of these dimensions is distinctly limited.

I THINK it is pretty generally known that judges and recorders are presented with a pair of white kid gloves in commemoration of maiden sessions. Some are preserved, others thrown aside. Mr. C. Gill makes use of his in the quaintest manner. When he is not holding briefs either at the Law Courts or the Old Bailey he is presiding over the Quarter Sessions at Chichester, and from the clerk of the peace there he has won several pairs of gloves. Then he comes back to town and calmly wears them out at Covent Garden fancy dress balls!

THE most sorely tried and one of the most popular of the world's sovereigns, the Emperor and King Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, recently passed his sixty-fourth birthday. Succeeding to the throne on the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the secession of the rights by his own father in the troublous year 1848, he is the oldest European monarch, with the exception of Queen Victoria. His predecessor and consort, his own two parents, those of the Empress, and even the widow of Francis I., were all still living when he had been nearly a quarter of a century on the throne. The Emperor has waged two unsuccessful wars, losing provinces after each. He lost his brother Maximilian by a cruel fate in 1867, and five years ago his own son, in circumstances that were even more tragic. His consort was for many years an invalid. Lastly, a year ago his eldest daughter's eldest daughter gave him a shock by eloping with a young lieutenant.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

ONE of the most unlucky of 'Varsity players has been Ernest Victor Gostling. For two successive seasons, and although captain of the eleven this year, he has been unable to take his place in goal in the greatest match of the season for his team, that with Oxford. Mr. Gostling was born at Stowmarket, Suffolk, and will be twenty-three years of age within a week or so. He went up to Caius College, Cambridge, from Framlingham College in the autumn of 1891, and although playing several times that season, did not get his "blues" until his second year of residence. He is a member of the famous Corinthians, and is proficient at cricket as well as football.

THE Rugby season in the South will probably come to an end much earlier this season than usual, notwithstanding the fact that there has been a general tendency in recent years to extend rather than curtail the playing period. The long-continued frost coming just at the time it did, the terribly destructive effect of the thaw on the grounds, and the occurrence of the International games just when it was possible to play once more with some comfort, have been conspiring causes to put players out of heart for the time being, and few will think it worth while to seriously bestir themselves to train for the one or two matches remaining on the fixture lists.

No member of the Woolwich Arsenal team is more popular than Joseph Powell, the powerful right full-back. Powell was formerly in the South Staffordshire Regiment, and, playing for the regimental team, came under the notice of the Arsenal directors, with the result that his exchange was purchased, and he became a member of the Arsenal team. He had been captain of the South Staffords for six seasons, and last year he was elected captain of his new club, a position he filled with great credit. In the early part of the present season he met with an accident—not on the football field—and was unable to play for a considerable time. He has since, however, resumed his place, and to his fearless tackling and powerful kicking the Arsenal owe many an escape from otherwise imminent defeat.

DR. MORLEY, vice-president of the Football Association, and who has been prominently associated with the Blackburn Rovers for a number of years, is a brother of the Right Hon. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Despite the fact that he is seventy years of age, he is a regular attendant at the matches of his club, and is frequently in London on the business of the association, of whose council he is one of the most honoured members. It may be taken that he stands in the position of a very useful buffer between the sometimes seemingly conflicting interests of the professional party, and that which may be described as the ultra amateur. Though a fearlessly outspoken orator when occasion requires, he is well able to soften down the asperities of debate, and his opinion and influence are held in high regard by both sides.

CERAS JENKINS, the captain of Small Heath, is by birth a Welshman, but has spent most of his life in the district of Birmingham, with which his present club is associated. For the past four seasons he has held the captaincy, and it is in no small degree due to his energy and enthusiasm that the club has risen from the Second Division of the League to a respectable position in the First Division. Small Heath were second to Liverpool in the Second Division, and defeated Darwen in the test match, thus securing promotion. They have so far fared rather better than their great rivals of last season, and are likely at all events to escape the ignominy of being in "the last four." Jenkins is possessed of a fine physique, being 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighing 14st. 6lb., and that he is a good, sound player may be judged from the fact that he played for Wales against England, Ireland, and Scotland in 1892.

PERHAPS no mere club official is more widely known as a power in the land than Tom Watson, secretary of the Sunderland club. His persuasive powers are so great that the directors of almost any professional team in the country would be willing to offer him a big price for his services in securing new players. The successes of the Sunderland team, certainly the cleverest in the land, during the last four or five years, afford proof of his good judgment in the selection of recruits. Great interest has been aroused in the Metropolis recently by the statement that Mr. Watson has accepted an invitation to take the management of a professional team in London which is ambitious of gaining a place in the very front rank. How far this is true it is not in my power to say, but in the event of its proving correct there can be but little doubt that he would bring with him some of the best players in the kingdom.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR
FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed _____

Available until midnight, March 23rd, 1893.

Footlight Favourites is really a charming photographic portfolio of famous actors and actresses. Nothing of the kind has ever before been published. It has only to be seen to be admired.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXXXIII.

DR. CALMETTE.
AND HIS CURE FOR THE MOST POISONOUS SNAKE
BITES.

It is permissible to doubt whether any foundation exists for the accusations which are continually made against Dr. Pasteur and his famous Institute for the treatment of hydrophobia, but whatever people may find to say against this Parisian chemist and his cure for the malignant disease caused by the bite of a mad dog, it can only be with unfeigned pleasure that they hear of the success which has attended the experiments of his fellow-worker, Dr. Calmette, who, during the last few years, has turned his attention to combating the deadly poisons of venomous snakes.

Dr. Calmette is one of that brilliant group of scientific men who have gathered round M. Pasteur in the red brick building in the Rue Dutot, and there, under the ingenious methods and painstaking experiments of modern therapeutic inoculation, the bites of the deadliest snakes of the world have ceased to be deadly.

Rattlesnakes, cobras, adders, vipers, asps, and tiger-snakes were sent from all parts of the world to the famous toxicologist when it was known that his interest in poisonous snakes and their antidotes had been aroused by the many requests made to the Pasteur Institute from India for protection against the cobra, whose terrible death-roll does not fall short of 22,000 persons per annum.

These snakes were all kept together in a large glass box in the laboratory, where, knotted and tangled, they squirmed and hissed without any apparent fear of one another, or manifesting the slightest inclination to quarrel over their meals.

According to Dr. Calmette, this respect which poisonous snakes show each other is very much like the harmony which exists between other bands of desperate conspirators, and he accounts for it by the curious fact that every venomous snake is proof against the poison of other snakes in direct proportion to his own deadliness.

Up to the present time it is true that Dr. Calmette's experimental cures by subcutaneous injections have been confined to guinea-pigs and rabbits, the two animals most sensitive to snake poison.

The fact, however, that three hours after it had been bitten by the deadliest serpent in the world a rabbit which had been vaccinated may be seen alive and skipping about as if nothing unusual had happened, leaves no reasonable room to doubt that Dr. Calmette's untiring investigations have been crowned with success. He has now proceeded to a larger class of animals—dogs—and will go from them to cattle.

Although perfectly confident of the result of his researches on human beings, the famous French scientist could scarcely expect even a maniac to offer his person to the bite of a snake in the cause of science, and the first tests of his cure on men and women will be made among actual sufferers in India.

Hydrophobia is a disease whose development in a bitten person is usually so slow as to allow him ample time to reach the Institute.

With snake bites, however, death is usually a matter of a few hours, and sometimes even minutes, and consequently the world cannot expect to reap the benefits of Dr. Calmette's discovery until his therapeutic serum and directions for using it have penetrated across the borders of Europe.

The first step taken by Dr. Calmette in his long series of experiments was to analyse the venom of the cobra, the most deadly of all reptiles, and he discovered that the albumen or white of an egg and the poison of the cobra of India are so similar in composition that it requires a very careful quantitative analysis to detect the difference. It is a curious physiological fact that two substances of practically the same chemical composition can have diametrically opposed effects upon the human body—the best support of life on one hand, the quickest terminator on the other.

This very similarity to albumen was the fact which for a long time placed cobra poisoning beyond the reach of human remedy, on the grounds that no specific which would neutralise or destroy it could be prevented from neutralising and destroying the albumen of the blood as well.

Besides the living snakes which were imported into Dr. Calmette's laboratory, the experimenter received bottles of their venom to avoid the troublesome and dangerous occupation of personally collecting it.

The method is practically the same as that practised by the American Indians in poisoning their arrows, only in the one case vegetable matter is used instead of liver, which the savages considered the best absorbent.

The cobra is first tied down and then irritated until it strikes at everything which comes within reach, and at each attack the broad leaves which are used for the purpose receive an appreciable quantity of the deadly fluid which exudes from the poison glands.

When the toxin is collected the result is a pale yellow fluid, which, however, is sometimes colourless, according to the season of the year, and hardens into a

gum-like substance, retaining its virulence for an indefinite length of time.

The practical value of the doctor's experiments with the cobra is increased by the discovery that in neutralising the effect of one snake's bite, an antidote is provided against the attacks of all poisonous serpents, and this has been proved by allowing a rabbit to be bitten and vaccinated and bitten again. The fatal principle of all venomous snakes is the same.

How is death caused by a cobra's bite? This naturally afforded one of the first problems for the scientific investigation of the famous toxicologist, and his observations have led him to the belief that death from a cobra's bite is due to a peculiar coagulation of the blood. By studying bitten animals under a microscope it was found that the corpuscles lost their shape and agglomerated, and the blood was thus unable to do its work. In other words, the fatal result was due to paralysis of the lungs caused by the stoppage of circulation.

This discovery led to some very interesting experiments which have resulted in the knowledge of a chemical treatment which, in the absence of Dr. Calmette's therapeutic serum obtained from a bitten animal or an animal artificially bitten or inoculated, will, in cases of necessity, meet all the requirements of a bitten person. This is by the application of ordinary chloride of lime.

The chloride should be free from absorbed water, and when used should in all cases be taken from a hermetically sealed bottle. One part of it by weight should be dissolved in two parts of boiling water, and the solution should never be made until it is about to be used. This should be injected subcutaneously with a trephine all about the wound and also under the skin of the abdomen, that it may enter the circulation as quickly as possible.

As, however, the doctor's experiments have been entirely limited to dumb animals, he is not in a position to determine the amount necessary to be used upon a human being, although from all the conditions he estimates that from twenty to thirty cubic centimetres of the solution would suffice to save the life of a man bitten, it being administered in doses of five cubic centimetres each. Of course, time is an important element in the matter.

The doctor believes that if this fact were widely known and made use of, the lives of at least 75 per cent. of the persons bitten by snakes could be saved, although he offers it only as a temporary expedient in the absence of his therapeutic serum.

The venom of the cobra is harmless if taken internally, nor is it fatal when brought in contact with a mucous substance like the eye, as an unrehearsed experiment in Dr. Calmette's laboratory showed. The fact was developed in one analysis when an assistant had some of the poison splashed into his eye, and suffered a mild form of surface irritation only.

Dr. Calmette commenced his complicated series of investigations by administering chloroform to a rabbit or guinea-pig which was then bitten by a snake. This made its circulating system a source of the therapeutic serum, itself deadly in any large quantity, which was used in vaccinating other rabbits, and the course of experiments gradually established the amount of inoculation necessary to counteract the effects of the pure venom.

A poisoned rabbit which would have succumbed to death in the course of two hours can be saved by the weakest serum if it be administered within twenty minutes, and the doctor successfully arrested the action of the poison with the strongest serum after a lapse of an hour and a half.

He finds that he can use three distinct remedies in vaccinating a rabbit, and, by all analogy, a man, against the bite of the most poisonous snake, or as an antidote after they have been bitten. These are: the serum of an envenomed animal by itself; secondly, this serum mixed with chloride of gold or the hypochlorite of sodium or of lime; and, thirdly, either of these chemicals, or, in preference, chloride of lime used by themselves without serum. The process of vaccination for immunity against the bite is progressing, as in the hydrophobia treatment. The injections are administered in such small doses that no ill effects are produced upon the system.

"Yes, George; but if, as you say, it's so difficult to get food to the men in lighthouses in the winter, why do they build them in such out-of-the-way, dangerous places?"

FIRST WOMAN: "I got a letter from you yesterday; but do you know it is dated next Wednesday week?"
SECOND WOMAN: "Good gracious! John must have posted it the very day I gave it to him."

"I AM sorry for you, Walter," said the kind-hearted surgeon, "but the thumb will have to come off."
"My hand won't be of much use, will it, doctor?" inquired Walter, tearfully.

"You will have your four fingers left, but you will not be able to grasp anything firmly."
"I can't weed the garden for mamma, even, can I?"
"I am afraid not, my boy."
"Cut 'er off, doctor!"

A COLD-BLOODED REASON.

SOON after a certain lord was made Governor of Canada, he was overwhelmed with begging letters, the incentive being the remarkable statements sent out concerning his vast wealth and his unbounded generosity.

Among the letters he received was one which constituted a standing joke among his friends, who never cease to rally him about it. It was from a woman who wanted a sewing-machine, and her letter commenced like this:

DEAR SIR,—A year ago you came to our town to make a speech. I went out to hear you, and I have been ill ever since.

The fact was, the lady caught cold on the occasion, but she did not refer to the matter in diplomatic language.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN CYCLISTS.

BICYCLES are brought to such perfection, says Dr. Richardson, they run with so little friction, they are mounted so readily, and are such graceful machines, that they unquestionably must hold a higher place in popularity than tricycles.

It is easy also to learn to ride them when the learner is properly taught from the first, and it has seemed to me that the art of getting the balance—which is the prime art—is more easily attained by woman than by man. The readiness with which ladies mount and dismount is quite a lesson in ease and gracefulness, especially on those machines which are provided with a seat in lieu of a saddle.

There is another and important advantage in the bicycle—namely, that in riding it there is less vibration than from the tricycle; indeed, when the machine is well-fitted with the pneumatic tyre, vibration is practically excluded.

Lastly, the dress is better arranged on the bicycle than on the tricycle; there is less risk of the folds of the dress being caught in the wheels, and less resistance from the wind.

Twenty-five miles a day is a thoroughly good day's ride for even an accomplished female rider on a moderately fair, ordinary road. It is good for women, as it is for men, to dismount occasionally and walk, and it is always good for them to do so when they are climbing long and steep hills. The change of movement brings new sets of muscles into play, and saves strain on the muscles of respiration.

For children of either sex much cycling is not good. Girls should not begin to ride regularly until they have reached their seventeenth year, and not then unless they are strong and well-formed.

In training, and ever afterwards, they should be taught to sit straight up on the saddle or seat, and always to have the dress sufficiently short to prevent embarrassment to the movement of the feet. I have no doubt as to the kind of seat that should be used by women; the cushion seat is infinitely preferable to the saddle.

All conditions being normal, women can indulge in the exercise just as safely as men. It secures a quick and sure cultivation of the senses; it leads to a good and healthy muscular exercise; it causes a fine expansion of breathing; the lungs inhale pure air; it quickens the circulation, and brings to the mind a free and wholesome change of scene, which is a tonic of tonics to the depression incident to sedentary monotony.

418 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

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This Insurance holds good for any number of Claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

£1000 COUPON TICKET.
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CORPORATION, LIMITED.

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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1880.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1880, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, March 15th, 1895, until Midnight, Saturday, March 23rd, 1895. (See column 3, page 587.)

"FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES:"

Part I. Part II. Part III. Part IV. Part V.
22 photos. 33 photos. 34 photos. 34 photos. 29 photos.

Price 6d. Each.

AWKWARD FOR MAMMA.

BRONSON: "You look all broken up, old man. What's the matter?"

ORAIR: "I called on Miss Pruyn last night, and no sooner had I entered the parlour than her mother appeared and wanted to know my intentions."

"That must have been rather embarrassing."

"Yes. But that was not the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking Miss Pruyn shouted down the stairs: 'Mamma, mamma, he isn't the one!'"

"THE TENTH OF JUNE."

A NEW serial, with the above title, commences in the issue of *Short Stories* for the week ending March 23rd. It is the latest production from the pen of Mr. John K. Leys, the author of "Dr. Monk's Experiment," a fascinating and mysterious story, the second and concluding part of which appears on pages 578 and 579 of this issue of *P.W.* Mr. Leys, who has already written such popular romances as "The Lindays," "The Lawyer's Secret," "In the Toils," "My Hindoo Friend," describes "The Tenth of June" as eclipsing all his previous efforts.

The new story will deal with the exciting adventures of two English families, whom a number of Hindoos have taken an oath to assassinate in expiation of an offence committed against their gods on the 10th of June, 1853. On each succeeding 10th of June an attempted assassination takes place, and the Hindoos either attain their object or are frustrated by the ability and courage of the Englishmen.

Mr. Raymond Potter, who is responsible for the striking illustrations in "Valdar the Off-Born," will contribute half-a-dozen or more large sketches every week to Mr. Leys' new story.

HAIR CUTTING IN THE EAST.

In some Eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are ten or twelve years of age, the girls then being considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the great day for cutting comes there is a grand ceremony and much feasting.

One who was present at a royal hair-cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair, coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins, which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers and green leaves like pearly drops of morning dew.

There, in the presence of the ladies, her father, and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some two hundred in number, she knelt while prayers were chanted.

Then, the beautiful tresses being unbound, her royal father, dipping his fingers in rose-water and drawing them carelessly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden basin, depositing at the same time, on a great salver placed ready to receive them, presents of jewels and gold.

The priest cut the next piece, her mother the next, and so on, each guest serving in turn until the little lady was shorn.

All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dower, princes, ministers of state, and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in their contributions by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and a display of fireworks.

CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Limited.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Subscribed Capital £255,000.

Head Office: 40 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON COVERING LOSS OF £20
BY BURGLARY OR HOUSEBREAKING.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Householder of any occupied private dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any goods (other than coins, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £20, provided the current and two previous week's issues of *Pearson's Weekly* with the Coupons signed in ink with the usual signature of the Claimant (such Coupons being so signed prior to the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking taking place), be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous week's issue of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. For the purposes of this Coupon an occupied dwelling house shall be deemed to be a house in which there was, at the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking being committed, at least one person, such person being legally on the premises, and using the premises as his or her ordinary place of abode, or a responsible person placed in charge of the premises by the said Householder. No claim is paid where any member of Householder's family, servants, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon from this paper can be claimed under by any one Householder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

Signature

March 23rd, 1895.

(To be written in ink.)

IS GENERAL GORDON ALIVE?

FACTS WHICH POINT TO THIS.

ONLY those who can recall the sensation created at Paris in 1881 by the news of the massacre in the Soudan of the expedition commanded by Colonel Flatters will be able to appreciate the effect of the startling announcement just made that the gallant officer, so long mourned as dead, is still in the land of the living, though held in captivity and bondage by the Touareg Arabs.

It will be remembered that when the relief party reached the scene where Colonel Flatters and his men had been drawn into ambush by the enemy and cut to pieces, the ground was found covered with dead bodies, from among which, however, that of the Colonel himself, as well as those of his two chief lieutenants, was missing.

It was believed at the time that the remains had been carried off by the bloodthirsty Touaregs as trophies of their victory, and no doubt whatsoever was entertained with regard to the Colonel's death, the ten survivors of his expedition having all declared that they had seen him fall before effecting their escape. But now the well-known official scout of the army, Interpreter Djebari, declares that not only is Colonel Flatters living, but that he has seen him, although not permitted to speak to him.

The evidence with respect to the death of the "Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum in 1885 is ideologically of the same character as that of the alleged killing of the French Colonel Flatters—that is to say, it is exclusively native testimony, and, therefore, of an unreliable character, neither Asiatics nor Africa having any regard for the truth. If, therefore, Colonel Flatters is still living there is no earthly reason why General Gordon should not be alive, too.

There are many who have never believed in his death, and have been disposed to give credence to the native rumour, according to which he is still in existence somewhere in the mysterious recesses of that great unknown Central Africa, which has so justly been named the Dark Continent. I knew Gordon well, and was one of the last to bid farewell to this lifelong friend and old schoolmate of my father when he left Cairo in January, 1884, on that fatal journey to Khartoum, from which he has never returned.

I cannot forget his frequent railings against the hypocrisy and sham of modern civilised existence, his yearnings for a life of complete seclusion, or else among untutored and simple savages; and judging from remarks which I, like others of his friends, have often heard him make, especially just prior to his last departure for the Soudan, I regard it as quite probable, and as in keeping with his extraordinary character and previous history, that he should have availed himself of the fall of Khartoum—of what he believed to be his desertion by his countrymen, which must have put the crowning touch to his bitterness against civilisation—to disappear into the most sombre wilds of Africa.

The British authorities in India are well aware that there are numbers of Englishwomen, chiefly the daughters of officers killed during the great Sepoy mutiny, who are wearing out their lives in captivity behind the bars of native zenanas. Some of them were mere infants at the time of their capture, while there are others who were already grown up when they first became unwilling inmates of the harem.

Being no longer young, these latter would have been released long since had not their owners feared the punishment that would be meted out to them by the British authorities, were it to be known that they had detained Englishwomen in their zenanas against their will.

Officers and soldiers who took part in the great Mutiny, with whom I have conversed on the subject, have often drawn my attention to the fact that, whereas the British troops found the remains of thousands of Englishmen and elderly Englishwomen who had been massacred by the natives at Cawnpore, Delhi, Meerut, and other places, they never found the corpses of any young girls or of female infants, and the case of a Captain Ryan, of the Gwalior contingent, was cited amongst others as an illustration of this peculiarity.

When order was established after the Mutiny the remains of Captain Ryan and his wife were discovered, but no trace whatsoever could be found of the three little daughters of the captain, nor of the four or five young unmarried ladies who were on intimate terms with Mrs. Ryan, and who, on the outbreak of the insurrection, had sought refuge beneath her roof.

More than once has the question been debated by the police magistrates in India as to whether it would not be possible to secure the release of these captives. They all agreed, however, that the project is impossible. It is against the policy of the Government to interfere with native prejudices, and few of these are so strong as those connected with the sentiment of harem life.

Just as there is no conclusive evidence of the death of Colonel Flatters, of General Gordon, and of many others, so it is quite on the cards that we may one day learn of the reappearance among the haunts of men of the Archduke John of Austria, who vanished on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso; and of the old Earl of Aberdeen, who disappeared in a similar manner while serving as a common sailor before the mast on a vessel bound from New York to San Francisco, and of many others now reported as dead, but who are merely missing.

A RIVAL TO SANTLEY.

SOME years ago, when Mr. Santley, the world-famous singer, was in his prime, he was announced to sing at a concert in Manchester. The church choir of a certain Cheshire town was at that time also in its prime, and the local clergy and gentry, at their own expense, frequently took the more prominent members to one or other of the Manchester concerts with the idea of giving them an opportunity of hearing really first-class vocalism, and perhaps to pick up a wrinkle or two.

On the occasion of Mr. Santley's visit, the opportunity was seized upon as a favourable one to take the local "basso," who had a wonderful opinion of his own abilities, to hear the celebrated vocalist.

During the singing the Cheshire man bent his head forward to catch every note of the music, and when all was over he relieved his pent-up feelings with a very audible "Ah!" Nothing more.

Not a word did he speak until well on the road home, when his companion ventured to ask his opinion of the evening's entertainment. Clearing his throat and speaking as a man who knows his words will carry conviction, he said: "Well, he's good—in fact, he's very passable; but—aw cud sing his yead off in 'Oly, oly.'"

CAN CATS SWIM?

THOUGH it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on the walls of Thebes afford proof of the Egyptian cat's service in this respect.

In one of these representations puss is depicted in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in the boat, while in another scene the cats are shown in the boat ready for their work.

Thus it appears, from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports, that the Egyptians were able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our modern retriever dogs do. It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water, but this is clearly a fallacy.

The tiger, for instance, is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy.

As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will often drag them out of their native element. They have even been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish-pond, especially during the spawning season.

LOVE OF ORDER.—"I've had enough of it. Lend me that revolver! I'm going to shoot myself."

"Well, it isn't mine. Let me have it back directly you've done with it!"

ARTIST: "My next picture at the Academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'"

His Friend: "Ah! Some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?"

Artist: "Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a watering-trough."

SOME good lists of celebrities with queer initials are to hand. Here are a few of the best examples: Alfred George Edwards; Arthur Dyke Ackland; George Otto Trevelyan; Frances E. Willard; George Alexander Gibb Simpson; William James Perry; Marie Effie Wilton; Henry Evelyn Wood; George Augustus Sala; H. Rider Haggard; Henry M. Stanley; John Alexander Macdonald; Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; James Abbott Whistler; Pan Antonin Dvorak; Professor Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe; Rev. James Edward Welldon.

The fifty penknives are awarded as follows:

W. T. Williams, St. Clare House, North, B.S.O. Wales; W. Wilks, 271, Monmouth Road, Birmingham; J. Adams, Fernon Street, Rochdale; F. Simpson, 43, Southwold Road, Clapton, N.E.; William Jones, Pontyglan, Loughor, S. Wales; Miss E. Lywood, Beldyng, Salisbury, Wilts; G. W. Sawdon, 1, Cleveland Villas, Whitby, Yorks; T. Holroyd, 17, Vane Street, Hull; G. J. Platt, Wyaston Cottages, Burroughs, nr. Derby; A. Buxhall, B. George Street, Tadmorlen; J. G. Mackintosh, 23, New Kent Road, S.E. B. E. Oldford, 3, First Avenue, Halifax; J. W. Turner, The Cottage, The Heath, Weybridge; T. Astle, 12, Bowland Terrace, Dewsbury Road, Leeds; H. James, 3, West Terrace, Walthamstow; E. Thomas, 55, Ashworth Street, Rochdale; J. A. Wilbey, 153, King's Cross Road, W.C.; A. Rowley, 4, Diamond Terrace, Westham, Weymouth, Dorset; B. Barritt, Crosby Street, Harrowgate, Darlington; A. B. Burden, Angel Square, Shaftesbury; C. Shaw, Talbot Street, Batley, Yorks; T. Potter, 10, Stonyford Street, Belfast; O. H. Owen, 22, Taff Street, North Rhondda Valley, S. Wales; D. Stevens, Henderson's Buildings, Stensell, Blantyre; A. Hambley, 28, Sparsholt Road, Croydon, Hill, S.E.; E. Bonian, Goodhurst, Kent; W. Littlejohn-Jones, St. Armes, Cornwall; G. Bennett, 30, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E. G. Thorne-Gordon, 57, Victoria Street, S.W.; W. Saunders, 44, Selsdon Road, South Croydon, Surrey; A. Partridge, 57, Alfred Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; F. E. Taylor, 2, Wellington Terrace, Major Street, Nottingham; A. Rowe, 45, Alcester Street, Stoke Newington; W. Hammond, Williams Road, Newton Heath, Manchester; T. S. Smith, 100, Tyne-mouth Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; G. W. Farrow, c/o Mr. Spear, Bolton, Hull; B. E. Pyle, 4, Fairfield Terrace, Havant, Hants; Miss M. Thompson, 3, Westmoreland Place East, Lower Bristol Road, Bath; William Halstead, 33, Hannah Street, Rochdale Road, Manchester; J. Davidson, Helmdale, Addison Road, King's Heath, Birmingham; T. W. Marsden, 15, Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton, Bristol; J. Barclay, Temperance Street, Tulse, Birmingham; A. W. Derr, 7, King Edward Street, Liverpool Road, S.; C. Walker, 1, Moor Lane, Gillingham, nr. Leeds; J. H. Groves, 25, Long Street, Walsall; C. Farley, Circulating Library, High Street, Tenby; T. M. Shore, Beaulieu House, Queen's Drive, Hamsey, Isle of Man; J. Thomas, 55, Talbot Street, Canton, Cardiff; J. G. Kent, Criterion Hotel, C. on M., Manchester; E. P. Jones, 22, King Street, Brynmawr.

Now First Published.]

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. I. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom with him.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armenia, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armenia, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. With her he leads the hosts of Armenia to war against Nineveh, and challenges Nimrod to single combat between the hosts under the walls of the city. Just as he unhorses him Babel and Nineveh are destroyed by an earthquake. Valdars saves Ilma and rides away. They are overtaken by the Simeon. To save her the agony of being choked he kills her, and dies beside her.

Two thousand years after, Valdars awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. He meets with a caravan of Phœnician traders, and with them journeys to the new Nineveh. There he comes before Tiglath, and sees by his side a beautiful girl, the very likeness of his lost Ilma, who, it transpires, has been sent as a present to Tiglath, by Hiram of Tyre. Her name is Gudrun. For the price of Ilma's coat of mail and a sword like unto Valdars' own, Tiglath gives Gudrun to him, and on the morrow Valdars and Gudrun together leave Nineveh.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH GUDRUN TO SALEM.

MORE as a prince than as a simple soldier of fortune—for such, in good truth, I was, if Fortune ever had a henchman at her beck and call—I travelled with my retinue and a sweet companion for forty days over deserts and mountains, through cities whose names are buried with their ruins in the drifting sand, and through others whose hoary walls still stand, grey and worn with the change of ages, very much as they were then.

I crossed the Euphrates at Karkhemish, and travelled southward over the burning sands of the Syrian desert, through the lovely valley in which, in the midst of her palm-groves and rose-gardens, flanked by green pastures, and watered by winding streams that sprang from the bosom of the earth, lay Palmyra in all her ancient glory and beauty, that Tadmor of the Wilderness, that island of verdure in an ocean of sand, of which there now remain but the mighty and desolate fragments amidst which the wandering Arab pitches his tent of camel hair, and stables his beasts in the broken chambers where the great Solomon rested from the

cares of state and mused on the vanity of a world that had given him everything but content.

From the City of Palms we went southward to Damascus, and there I heard from the Phœnician merchant who had come last from Gabbatha, news so strange and so perplexing that it speedily gave definite shape to the vague plans I had formed on hearing what Amrac had told me about Gudrun. He came to my lodging the

night I reached the city to ask the favour of my lady's inspection of some curious gold work that he had bought from a trader of Bozra who had brought it by sea from a far-off land in the East which you now call India.

These traders were the same then as traders ever have been, keen, shrewd, pushing fellows, ever alert for a chance to make a profit, and as my fame had gone before me, and the terror of the Assyrian name made men look with a ready reverence upon him whom the Great King had called friend, you may well believe that wherever I went I was never slow to pay their court to me or seek a chance of easing me of some of Tiglath's gold.

I called Gudrun, with whom by this time I could speak comfortably in her native tongue, into the room where the trader had spread his wares, and bade her choose such of the trinkets as caught her fancy. But when the Phœnician looked upon her face, for in those days women only veiled themselves when travelling or walking in the streets of towns, he started and turned pale, and then bowing very low before her he said:

"Thy servant know not that the City of Sweet Waters was honoured by the presence of the Queen of the South and the friend of the great Solomon, else I had come into thy house of my lord with more fitting reverence. I pray you let my lord and the Queen look with favour on their servant, and forgive the presumption of his ignorance."

He spoke in the Hittite speech, and so Gudrun did not understand him. As for me, full of wonder at his words, I said:

"I will forgive thee that, and more, if thou wilt hold thy tongue and sell thy wares quickly. After that I will speak with thee alone."

"The will of my lord is the law of his servant!" he said, raising himself and bowing down again, this time before me, and so we got to business, and when Gudrun had gone away with her trinkets to her own chamber, I said to the Phœnician:

"Now tell me what is this talk of thine about a Queen of the South and a friend of the great Solomon? Solomon I have heard of, but the lady thou hast called Queen has, to my knowledge, never worn a crown, and comes not from the south but from the north."

"The words of my lord are full of marvel, for they cannot be anything but the truth, yet, as the Thirteen Gods shall

judge me, I tell my lord that in Jerusalem, whence I have come straight by way of Succoth and Gabbatha, I saw but twelve days ago the Queen of the South sitting before the throne of Solomon, listening to the wisdom that fell from his lips, and, unless the Gods have made the two fairest women on earth in the same image, then the Queen of the South is the lady of my lord and no other."

Now what was I to think of this, knowing what I did? These Phœnicians, as you know, were the newsmongers of the world in those days, and they were a plain, practical, hard-headed folk to boot, and, though they could lie at their trade like the sons of Shaitan that they were, yet for their own sake and credit the news they carried was always trustworthy, save where it affected their trade. More than this, the man's wonder and involuntary reverence had not lied, even if his tongue had, and yet had not Gudrun journeyed with me for forty days from Nineveh, though he took his Gods to witness that he had seen her in Jerusalem but twelve days before?

There could be but one explanation of the riddle. This Queen of the South, whoever she was, must have a marvellous likeness to Gudrun, and therefore to her whose soul I still looked for in vain in the clear depths of Gudrun's eyes. But unless the story of her origin was false, it was well-nigh impossible that there should be such resemblance between this Queen of the South and the girl that Tyrian pirates had torn from her home in the distant and unknown North.

From Gudrun herself I had learned nothing, either of her home or her past life, for to my first questions about them she replied with such sweetly earnest pleading that I would ask her no more till she should tell me of her own accord, that I had wondered and consented, for how could I refuse a prayer that came from lips which had once been Ilma's?

I could see no way through the maze of perplexity that the Phœnician's words had opened before me, saving a journey to Jerusalem instead of Tyre, and if I did not find this Queen of the South still at the court of Solomon, then I would follow her into her own land, even though it were at the ends of the earth, and I would put the two likenesses of Ilma face to face, and see if between them they could solve the riddle.

So I took all the information that the Phœnician could give me. Among other things, greatly to my satisfaction, he told me that the Queen of the South, according to all report, would remain for many days still at the court of Solomon. And when he had told me all I bound him to keep silence, first with a handful of gold, and then with the threat that if he broke faith with me the Tiger Lord should know it, and all the cities of Assyria be closed to him as a liar and a cheat.

Then I determined to start for Jerusalem at sunrise the next day, and to take good care that, until I could set Gudrun face to face with the Queen, neither man nor woman should see her unveiled. Though she knew of no reason for such precaution, she did my bidding in this, as in all things else, save as to my question about her past, with a sweet and gracious submission that won me closer to her every day that we journeyed together.

At first she had had fits of smothered anger, and hidden, silent weeping, for there was a proud spirit in her that chafed and rebelled against the great wrong she had suffered at the hands of the Tyrian pirates. But when day after day went by and showed her that, though I had bought her as I might have bought a slave in the market-place at Nineveh, I had no intention of making of her either a slave or a plaything; when she heard that I never spoke to her save in kindness and with the voice of respect, and that I never even laid a hand upon her save to put her into her saddle or help her to alight from her horse or her litter, the wild frightened look died out of her eyes, the frowns fled from her brows, and the smiles came back to her lips, though, even as we grew better acquainted, she still looked upon me with a puzzled wonder that was perhaps not altogether free from fear. Still she trusted me, and followed me without question, although when she asked me what our journey's end was to be, I was fain to confess that I knew not.

By Gabbatha to Sennabrin on the lake that is now called Gennesaret, and from there along the westward bank of the Jordan, through Succoth and Jericho, whence we crossed the hill country of Judaea westward to Jerusalem. We reached the top of the ridge of hills where the road from Bethany slopes down and winds round to the north of the city, just as the sun was nearing the tops of the western hills, and, though I have seen many cities in many lands and ages, I have beheld no fairer sight than Salem seated on her hills in the fulness of her pride, with those sunset rays shining upon the unspeakable splendours of the newly-finished Temple, resplendent with snowy marble, yellow gold, and ruddy bronze; on the king's house, scarcely less glorious in the freshness of its beauty, on the massive walls and domed houses bowered in dark green trees, and on that dark olive-crowned Mount beyond

beyond on the other side of the valley, which was one day to witness the first of the closing scenes of that tragedy whose guilt the Children of Israel called down upon their own heads, and whose penalty was the curse of homelessness which has never been lifted from them from that day to this. But in those days, as there is little need for me to tell you, Salem was the brightest and gayest and busiest of all the cities of Syria, and when we entered it we found the streets

and squares full of laughing crowds, tricked out in all their holiday finery, and raising a very babel of mingled tongues.

There were Phœnician sailors from Tyre and Sidon, merchants who had threaded the desert roads for hundreds of leagues east and north and south to see the glory and the riches of the Wise King; the tall, slight-limbed, thick-lipped Egyptian talked with the olive-skinned, soft-eyed Jew; whilst the lively, agile-tongued Hittite chatted with the grave and stern-faced Assyrian, haughty in the knowledge that he was a servant of the Great King, the fierce Tiger Lord, who might some day lay his terrible hand upon all this wealth and grandeur, and take it for his own.

Huge-limbed sons of Anak from the desert, who had come to bargain with Solomon for the safe conduct of his caravans to Joppa and Ezion-Geber, stared, half in wonder and half in disdain, at the wealth and splendour that would have made such glorious plunder. Black shining-skinned negroes from Nubia and Ethiopia had come with their Egyptian masters, and were fraternising as well as they could with fair-haired white-skinned slaves from the unknown countries of the north, whither in those days none but the Phœnicians went; and tall, swarthy men with soft black beards, piercing eyes, and high, haughty features moved about with the air of strangers, yet treated everywhere with welcome

and deference, for they were the retainers of Solomon's most honoured guest, that mysterious Queen of the South, whose counterpart was riding veiled beside me up the street which the Jews, in their well-justified pride, had called Beautiful.

As for ourselves, you may be sure that we did not enter the streets, thronged as they were with killers and sight-seers, unnoticed. Indeed, of all the gay or uncommon sights that Salem had seen during those long days of merry-making, there had been none stranger and few braver than we made for them by our entry. At the head of fifty desert horsemen that I had hired when the Assyrians left me at Karkhemish, and my long string of camels, bearing the bounty of the Tiger Lord, I rode on a great black horse; that I had found after much seeking and bought for his resemblance to Tigrol, my charger of two thousand years before, blazing with gold and steel and jewels, with a white ostrich plume nodding from my helmet, and a cloak of Tyrian scarlet hanging from my shoulders on to my horse's back, and with my long, golden locks streaming down on to it from under my helmet. And beside me the veiled Gudrun sat upon a milk-white Arabian mare, decked out in all the bravery of gold and jewels, fine linen, and bright dyed stuffs that women loved three thousand years ago every whit as keenly as they love them to-day.

The crowd made way for us with prompt respect, for rumour had already noised it abroad that I was a prince and warrior of Assyria, and had come with gifts and greetings from the Tiger Lord of Asshur to the king who was mighty in wisdom even as he was in war, and as I rode along under the fire of their curious glances I thought how swiftly their curiosity would change to amazement if the veil were torn off for an instant from Gudrun's face, mysterious Queen of the South, who had been seen in Jerusalem but twelve days before.

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CHAPTER XIV.

A ROYAL BONDMAID.

ALL the inns and caravanseries in and about the city were full, but gold had the same power in those days as it has ever had since men first bought and sold, and so, as it was well surmised that he who travelled in such state as I did would be easy in spending, it was not long before the Phœnician, whom I had hired in Damascus to act as what you would now call my courier, brought a Jew to me, who, after many salutations and politenesses, begged the honour of placing his house and all that it contained at my disposal—not without price, you may be sure.

As my errand was important, and, as before all things, I was determined that Gudrun should be suitably housed, I let my Phœnician first bring the Jew to something like reason—and a rare battle of bargains it was, I can tell you—and then paid half the price down as earnest-money, and took possession of the house, and after placing the most precious of my possessions in safety in it, I sent my men to make their camp across Kidron on Olivet, among the other retainers of the great and wealthy folk who were visiting the city.

My host had sent his family into his brother's house, and remained himself to act as major-domo, and as he was full to the lips with all the news and gossip of the city, I had not been master of his house very long before he had told me all that was worth knowing of the great doings that were following the dedication of the Temple. Of course, I questioned him narrowly about the Queen of the South, and learnt that she was the Queen of the Sabraus, a people inhabiting the country called Araby the Blest, which was that portion of South Arabia bordering on the Red Sea, part of which is now known as the Province of Yemen.

He told me, too, that she was the most beautiful woman that had ever been seen in Salem or the world, and that even Nitetis, the daughter of Pharaoh and the wife of Solomon, fair as she was, looked plain as a country wench



If you find enjoyment in any kind of sport, you will be bound to see something that will interest you in *Sporting Favourites*.

from the hills beside her. "All Jerusalem—nay, he said, all Judaea—had gone mad about her beauty, and as he told me this, anxious and perplexed as I was at heart, I could not restrain a smile when I thought of how great a marvel would be wrought if what the Phœnician merchant had told me in Damascus proved true of Gudrun.

Here, verily, there would be a riddle which all the wisdom of the Wise Man himself might well fail to read, and yet what would even that be to that deeper riddle of life and death that I could tell him if did I but choose?—a thing that you may be sure I had no intention of doing, for I had no taste to set all the languages that there were in Salem then chattering about the deep mystery of my fate.

But that other mystery that had wrapped itself round Gudrun was now destined to be but short-lived, for I was scarcely afoot the next morning before she herself came to me and asked me to send away the Jew who was with me, so that she might speak with me alone. And when he had gone she dropped her veil, and to my amazement fell on her knees beside me, and, taking hold of one of my hands with



both here, looked up at me with anxious pleading eyes, and said with lips that trembled with the stress of her emotion:

"My lord has been very good to me. He has saved me from a fate that I would have killed myself rather than endure. Though he bought me as he might have bought a chattel

in the bazaar, he has used me with honour and kindness, and granted all the wishes of my heart that I have spoken. Let him now grant the prayer that I shall ask, and I will be his hand-maid till death!"

I took her by the hands and raised her from her knees and said:

"I am no lord of thine, Gudrun, and if thou couldst see thyself with the eyes that I see thee thou wouldst understand that which I cannot make plain to thee. Nor is it fitting that thou shouldst kneel to me, thou whom the Gods have fashioned so that I should rather kneel to thee. Now call me by my name, and ask thy request as though I were not only thy friend, but thy brother, and if I can grant it thou shalt not ask it twice."

"I thank thee—Tera!—how strange thy name sounds on my lips, and yet it seems as though this was not the first time they had spoken it! Where was it? In my dreams, or in some other world than this of which our teachers tell us in my Sabæan home towards the sun?"

"What!" I said, catching her by the arms and drawing her close to me—and, by the Gods, I could have sworn that in that moment some glimmer of Ilma's soul was shining at me out of her frightened eyes. "What say you? Your Sabæan home! Are you then from the same country as this Queen of the South who is visiting Solomon here in Salem, and is the story the Tyrians told of you a lie?"

She dropped her eyelids and the light was quenched. I felt her shiver in my grasp and saw her bosom heave and fall, as though with a quick choking sob. Then she looked up at me again, and said:

"Yes, it was a lie—a lie that they were well paid to tell, paid by her who took my share of my father's throne from me, so that she might reign alone and be the fairest woman that has been—take your hands from my arms, I pray you, I released her, flushing red to the roots of her hair, and forgetting my own strength and her tenderness."

I led her to a couch and seated her beside me and bade her say on. She was silent for a moment or two, and sat with downcast eyes, as though wondering how she could begin, and then she shot one swift, shy glance up at me and dropped her eyelids again, and told her tale.

"This Queen of the South is my twin sister, and co-heiress with me to the throne of Sabæa. Her name is Balkis and mine is not Gudrun, as those Tyrian barbarians called me, but Zillah, and the Gods have made us so alike that if Balkis stood here beside me now, attired as I am, not even you would be able to tell which was the queen and which was your purchased hand-maid."

"Say that again," I said, smiling and laying my hand gently upon hers. "And you shall ask your prayer in vain. Now say on, for I am all impatience for the story."

She smiled and looked up at me again, this time for just one brief instant longer, and then she went on:

"My father, the king, left us his throne as a joint heritage, believing that we should live and reign together in all love and harmony; but no sooner did our rule begin than Eblis entered into Balkis' soul, and told her that but for me she

would be, as men had said, the fairest woman in the world and sole queen of Sabæa. And so, fearing perhaps the vengeance of the Gods if she killed me with her own hands, she gave me a potion one night, and when I woke I was sailing far out at sea in a Tyrian galley.

"The captain told me, in answer to my prayers and tears, that the queen, as he called her, had determined to rule alone, and so had given him a talent of silver to take me out to sea and tie me in a sack and drown me. But he was too good a Phœnician for that. He had got Balkis' talent of silver, and me, too, and he said that if he knew anything of the worth of woman's beauty in the market of Tyre, it should become a talent of gold before he had done with me.

"So I was carried up the Red Sea and through the canal of Rameses into the Great Sea, and so brought to Tyre, where they changed my name to the barbarous one you learnt to call me by, and told that lying story which Amrac the priest repeated to you. But at Tyre the Gods befriended me, for, before there was time to expose me in the slave market, a report of me was carried to Hiram the king, and he commanded me to be brought before him, and bought me from my captors for the talent of gold that they asked.

"When I saw the fate that was before me I held my peace for very shame, and allowed the story about me to pass as true. Hiram kept me in his palace so that I could rest from the weariness and suffering of my voyage until a caravan was started for Nineveh. Then, as you know, he sent me as a present to the King of Assyria. I had but just been brought before him that morning when you slew the guard in the throne-room, and he was pleased with me, and had bidden me sit at his feet as you found me. And then you came, and the rest there is no need to tell you."

"That is a strange story, Zillah, although so simply told. So—you are a queen in your own right. Did I not tell you that I was no lord of yours, and only fit to kneel before you? Now let my lady make her request that her servant may grant it."

She caught the tone of my banter, and looked up laughingly at me, and, as there was blood and not water in my veins, I verily believe that the next moment I should have forgotten myself, and taken her in my arms and told her all the marvellous story of Ilma and my other life if she had not slipped gently and swiftly to her knees, and, resting her clasped hands upon mine, looked up with such sweet winsomeness that it sent me in an instant half crazy with love and longing for her, and said:

"Thou art the master of my life and—and the lord of my soul, and my prayer is that thou shalt take me away from this place, it matters not where, for I would rather serve thee in a tent of goat's hair in the wilderness than go back, if that were possible, to reign with Balkis in Sabæa. Nor would I, for all the wealth of Solomon, have her know that I am here in Salem, for she would surely find means to slay me, and I would not die, for the life which my lord gave back to me has become very dear to me. Balkis is welcome to our throne and my father's realm, since I have learned that the Gods have better gifts in store than rule and riches. Speak now, my lord, and tell me that thy hand-maid has not made her prayer in vain."

Fool and deaf that I was not to hear in that sweet pleading the voice of my own Ilma, offering me a realm and a lordship for the like of which at that very hour Solomon in all his glory was longing in vain, a realm wider than the wide confines of Asshur itself, and lovely as the meadows of asphodel which glow in the light that shines on Paradise! I was proud of the bright and sudden triumphs of my first life on earth, dazzled with the splendours I had seen in Egypt, and Tadmor and Damascus, and blinded by dreams make his soldiers in the war in war by him who could Zillah had risen, and was standing before me with down-bent head, and downcast eyes, and milk-white hands crossed over the gently heaving bosom in which the holy flame of love had been burning unseen for many a day—as dear a vision of sweet maidenhood as ever eyes of love and longing looked upon.

Alas! Had I but loved as she did—nay, had I but even known how priceless was the treasure that lay there within my grasp, I might have learned the long lesson in a flash, and this might never have been written; but to me in those days the love of woman was but as a precious jewel to adorn the diadem of empire.

I knew not nor did I know for many a long and weary year afterwards that gold could not gild it nor glory adorn it, any more than tinsel could make the stars shine brighter or crimson paint the rose a fairer hue. I started to my feet, my blood aglow and my eyes aflame, and caught her unresisting to my breast. Then, as she looked up in startled amaze, I stooped and kissed her lips and said:

"Nay, by the sacred Sword of Armen, and for thine own sweet sake, thy prayer shall go ungranted! Instead, I will give thee justice and thy rights, and this very day this proud sister of thine shall confess thy rights before the judgment-seat of Solomon, or, by the Sacred Steel, there shall be but one queen in Sabæa, and she shall rule with me! What! dost thou not remember, sweet, how two thousand years ago we rode side by side to victory through the broken ranks of Asshur, in the days of the mighty Nimrod? Hast thou not seen him go down under my spear, and dost thou doubt that I can take thy throne back, and guard it and thee against all the tyrants of the earth?"

She slipped out of my clasp and sprang back a pace, and stood with her hands pressed to her temples, and staring at me with wild, frightened eyes and parted lips. For a moment she gasped for breath, and then cried:

"My lord—Tera!—what are these strange and fearful words that thou hast spoken? Two thousand years ago! What art thou, and who am I? Yes, surely I remember—and yet, no! it can be but a dream, for such things could not be. I never saw thee before that day in Tigliath's throne-room. Armen? Nimrod? Nay, the riddle is too hard for me, and I want no throne save a seat at thy feet. Yet what am I but my lord's hand-maid? Let it be to me even as seems good in his eyes."

And so saying, she crept back dazed and frightened into my arms, and stood there trembling, her new-awakened heart fluttering against my mail.

(To be continued.)

HOW CABLES ARE SENT.

THE manner in which messages are sent and received over the transatlantic cables between this country and America is very different from that in which telegrams are transmitted.

The two systems of submarine and overland telegraphy, although but two departments of the one science, and in many ways closely connected, are yet entirely different one from the other.

The apparatus, the methods of signalling, and even the telegraphic characters that form the alphabet are altogether dissimilar, and the most expert land line operator would be as much at a loss in an attempt to send a message over the cable as would a locomotive engineer.

Instead of the loud clatter and din, and the incessant clicking of brass sounders, so familiar to everyone as the distinctive characteristic of a telegraph office, there is in the cable office absolute silence, so far as the manipulation of the instruments is concerned.

Instead of the message being rattled noisily off the tongue of a brass sounder into the ear of the operator, they are silently written by a slender mysterious finger on a ribbon of white paper, which passes quickly before his eyes. The paper ribbon, which is about half an inch wide, is unwound from a roll, and drawn by noiseless clockwork over a shelf-like desk in front of the operator.

A delicate glass tube, no thicker than an ordinary needle, and crooked like a bent forefinger, which is suspended between the poles of a large upright magnet, moves nervously to the right and left on the ribbon being drawn beneath it, and traces in a thin line of blue ink characters that look something like the markings on a barometer chart, or the quotation board of a stock-broker.

If the comparatively clumsy instruments used for land telegraphy were used on the Atlantic cables, scarcely one word a minute could be transmitted, while with the recorder a speed of from fifteen to twenty-five words a minute is regularly maintained.

The mirror, which is still used on some cables, is the most delicate and perfect telegraph instrument ever invented. It is simply a small needle suspended in a magnetic coil, delicate and fragile as a feather caught in a spider's web.

The needle is a piece of watch-spring, three-eighths of an inch long, suspended by a short thread of cocoon silk, and having a small piece of silvered glass affixed to it with shellac. The whole thing weighs but one and a half grains.

The instrument is placed in a dark room, and a ray of light from a lamp is focussed through a lens on the mirror, and reflected back on to a graduated scale. The currents of electricity sent through the cable enter the magnetic coil, and cause the needle to be deflected from side to side, the motions being made to form telegraphic characters.

These minute vibrations are read off by an operator, usually in an adjoining lighted room.

UNCLE: "And what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?"

"I'm going to ask father to get her a football, and then I'll show her how to play."

BRIGHT CHILD (to prosperous step-father): "I wish you had lived with us when my other pa was here."

Step-father: "Why so, my darling?"

Bright Child: "Then when ma would have made one of you make the beds and sweep, I could have had the other to play with."

AMPERE, the famous mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion he mistook the back of a cab for a blackboard. Taking out a piece of chalk, he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulae, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance.

"THERE is a splendid echo in this wood, Herr Lehmann. It repeats your call four times, and after a long interval, too!"

"There's nothing in that, mein Fräulein. When I go to bed at night at my villa in the Grünewald I shout into the wood, 'Wilhelm, wake up!' and the echo wakens me at five o'clock sharp the next morning."

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.



FICTION.

AS SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

WHEN she married, often she
Forcefully asseverated,
On the threshold throne she'd be
Sovereign sole, nor dominated
By her chosen minister;
Others might be held and harried,
None would dictate unto her
When she married!

When she married—as she did—
Found her throne of love rose-hidden;
And she walked as she was bid
Without knowing she was bidden,
He could reign enough for two,
And her maiden plans miscarried;
She became the gentlest shrew
When she married.

THE STORY OF A REVENGE.—Murdered, in the first flush of an innocent and unfettered youth! Murdered and forgotten by a relentless and insensate foe!

It was the clear cool of early evening. The first shadows that curtained in the long, hot days were falling, fold on fold. The blistering sun had burned itself to ashes, and the complainings of exasperated humanity were hushed for a space.

Within, the room was suffocatingly warm, as if the heat of the day had there left its very dregs. The stuffed furniture was hot to the touch, the carpet burning to the tread. There on the floor lay the victim of man's cruelty, unavenged.

But there were those who saw the deed, for murder cries with a thousand tongues; and though it was a little wound that let out the busy life, it clamoured for revenge as loudly as all Caesar's cruel gashes. Then those who saw the tragedy ran and told; and others came and gazed on the silent witness and on the heartless murderer, sleeping heavily beside his victim.

Was the man without heart?—or, stay. Was he overpowered by some drug? He reposed at full length in a wicker chair, his coat was off—perhaps torn off in the desperate encounter with his prey. A handkerchief was thrown over his face. He breathed stertorously. His arms hung down. It might be that he, too, was bound to that unknown land whither the other had departed so suddenly.

In pity they approached him. Even a murderer must not die uncared for. They hovered over him a moment, but the sound of their consultation seemed to disturb him, for he stirred and muttered an imprecation.

That was enough. The callous brute dozed beside his victim, and knew no remorse. With cries of rage they sprang upon him, from all sides at once they flew at him. Like a cyclone, like a sand-storm, they spared him not.

With a shriek of mingled fear and rage, he sprang to his feet, and struck wildly to left and right. It was in vain, and, glad to make his escape at any price, the villain flung open the door, and sank exhausted on the porch in the cool evening air.

It was the old, old feud of the bald man and the fly.

STOCKINGS TO THE RESCUE.—Can our readers conceive how a pair of black stockings enabled a boating party in Florida to escape from an alligator? Here is the story of how it came about, as told by an English lady in a letter home:

There were half-a-dozen young people in the house at which I was staying, and, wearying of commonplace comfort, they decided to camp out for a few days. The camp was near the plantation, but was separated from it by a creek, one of the innumerable tributaries of the St. John river.

At least twice a day some of the young people went to the camp in an awkward but roomy old flat-bottomed boat, carrying various articles which they supposed would be useful.

On one occasion there were four of us going over, and we were burdened with tools, hammer and nails, ropes, canned meats, and other necessities. As we were nearing the opposite shore a young woman in the party espied some beautiful wild flowers.

There was a submerged log by the bank where they grew, but as our boat was strong, and she said that she would be broken-hearted unless she could have them, we rowed directly over the log, and one of us leaned out to pick the blossoms.

Suddenly our boat began to move in a most extraordinary manner, going neither forward nor back, but straight up. "Alligator!" shrieked someone, and we instantly realised that the supposed log we had seen was in reality a living saurian.

Three of us were almost paralysed with fear, but the fourth and brightest of our party was equal to the emergency. In far less time than it takes to tell it he had snatched up the hammer and nails, and was using the first article to drive the second through the bottom of the boat.

"You'll have to help; we must be quick. Take off

your shoes and use the heels as hammers!" he cried, and, realising the necessity of blind obedience, we began driving nails, too. His intention dawned on us by the time it had become a finished action, and we complimented him on his idea of pinning the alligator to the boat with nails.

But our prisoner was not pleased, and began thrashing the water violently. Again our clever friend came to the rescue.

"Do either of you girls wear black stockings?" said he.

One of us did.

"Then sit up in the end of the boat and dangle your feet in the water. Yes, take your shoes off. Now swing your feet to the right."

The young woman followed his directions, and, wonderful to relate, the boat slowly moved to the right. Oars were useless; the alligator bore us home on his back, and we showed our gratitude by putting him out of his misery as soon as we could.

"But how did you know he'd carry the boat, and why did he go where I steered? And, above all, why were black stockings necessary?"

"Have you ever heard of tying a carrot to the end of a whip and dangling it in front of a jibbing horse to make him go? My idea was based on that. You swung your feet in the water, and, seeing the black hosiery, the 'gator fancied you were his favourite article of diet—a nice, plump little ducky. He followed where you led; the nails prevented his reaching you, though his hide was so tough they hurt him but little, and certainly didn't interfere with his powers of locomotion, as we've seen."

"You told me you didn't like smoke, George," she said, reproachfully.

"Who says I do?" he asked, indignantly.

"Nobody; but I distinctly felt several cigars being crushed into dust in your vest pocket when you hugged me that time."

And he owned up.

TRAVELLER: "Oh, kind sir, take all, take all, but leave me this, my pocket Bible, a parting gift from my mother when I was a boy!"

The Highwayman (as he gathers up a very poor haul): "Keep your prayer-book an' git!"

The Traveller (ten minutes later): "Well, that was a pretty close shave. If that chump had known that that Bible covered two thousand pounds in bank notes he wouldn't have been so quick to let me keep it."

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ATHLETICS.—The famous athlete of thirty years ago, Mr. Jobling, furnishes us with a photograph and an interesting biography.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

FACTS.

TOBACCO seeds are so minute that it is said a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

PARIS actresses wear paper lace, which by night looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle.

DOWN to the present century a part of the marriage ceremony in Hungary consisted in the groom giving the bride a kick to remind her of her subjection.

A NORTH SEA codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4,680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish was sold to the poor, the fishmonger was decorated with a necklace of his unsavoury commodity, and was then perched on a stand in the market.

SEA birds outnumber the land birds, because their food never fails, not because they are more prolific. The fulmar-petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world.

JAPANESE houses in the larger cities are of one general shape, two storeys high, and are put together by a curious method of morticing, at which these people are adepts, not one nail being used throughout the construction of the building.

THE smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wennstrom, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute, and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems.

WHEN you pinch your finger you think you feel pain the very same instant, but really and truly the hurt and the pain are not quite simultaneous, although they seem to be so. If a child had an arm long enough to reach the sun, it would be 132 years before he would feel the pain of the burn.

BREAD-BAKING is a paying business. Two or three years ago Mr. Nevill, the London baker, left a fortune of £283,000. Mr. Borwick, of baking-powder fame, fell little behind him in wealth with £259,740. Both these fortunes have been distanced by that of Mr. Thomas Stone, of Peek, Frean, & Co., who built up on the Bermondsey biscuit a fortune of £339,487.

WE see items sometimes about the value of rare books in the hands of bibliomaniacs or at auction sales, but there is now in San Francisco a volume than which there are few more valuable in the world. It is worth exactly £6,000—not a fancy price either. It is the registry of the whereabouts and identity of 3,000 Chinese corpses in the city cemetery, all of which will have to be dug up and returned to China in due time, while a disinterment permit costs £2.

THE best briar-root from which pipes are made, comes from the borders of France and Italy. In the mountainous districts of those countries, roots are dug out which have grown for ages, and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds. The wood thus obtained is remarkably beautiful. Three large deposits of the root have been just discovered in France, and the price may be brought down in time. At present a good briar-root pipe is not cheap.

As an instance of the severity of the frost, Mr. J. T. Leslie, chemist, of Sheffield, mentions that one morning he found that the stoppers of the four show-bottles in his window had been forced out of the bottles, and the contents of the bottles frozen into coloured ice. The expansion due to the freezing of the water had burst each of the bottles, and what remained was a solid block of coloured ice, cased with glass cracked in every direction. The bottles have been in their present position for nearly twenty-five years, and nothing of the kind has ever occurred before.

IN one district of Bohemia the girls go into a field of peas and make there a garland of five or seven kinds of flowers, all of different hues. The garland they must sleep upon, lying with their right ear upon it, and then they hear a voice from underground which tells them what manner of men they will have for husbands. Sweet peas would doubtless prove very effectual in this kind of divination, and there need be no difficulty in finding them of different hues. If Hertfordshire girls are lucky enough to find a pod containing nine peas they lay it under a gate and believe they will have for a husband the first man that passes through it. On the Border, unlucky lads and lasses in courtship are rubbed down with pea straw by friends of the opposite sex. These beliefs connected with peas are very widespread.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSE-BREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to March 22nd, 1895, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 5-3, and against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 551.

W. D. Paul

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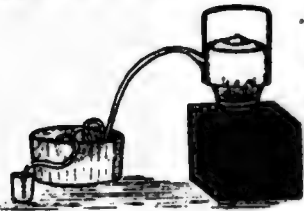
SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

No. 19.

Chemistry in the Kettle.

We all know that a kettle, that has been long in use, gets coated inside with a hard grey substance, called "fur." Its presence in kettles is due to the property very appropriately called the hardness of water, which varies with the nature of the ground over which the water has flowed. The "fur" is, chemically, the same thing as chalk, and as limestone.

Now, let us make of our kettle a piece of chemical apparatus. If we take a long piece of lead gas-pipe, roll part of it round anything of a suitable shape, like a coffee-tin, and afterwards swell out the end of the piping, by means of a thick lead-pencil, or some other object, so that we can jam it over the spout of the kettle, we shall get a combination looking like this. Let the spiral portion of the pipe lie in a good-sized bowl of cold water, or of snow, if there be still snow about by the time this article is printed; and let the end of the pipe be placed over a tumbler



or other vessel. Put some water in the kettle and set it boiling, and in a little time—as soon as the water boils, in fact—drops of water will trickle into the tumbler.

It is easy to see why this happens—the cold water around the spiral condenses the steam from the kettle of water; the apparatus is, in fact, a "still." But the water which comes over is not quite like the water in the kettle. It is distilled water, and, if we can get enough of it to examine, we shall find that it is not "hard," and also that it is chemically pure. The process of distillation removes hardness and other impurities. We may prove this by purposely introducing something into the water, and testing what distills over.

If we put, for example, some sugar into the water in the kettle, making it as sweet as we please, we shall find that the condensed water is not in the least flavoured. And we may test the matter in a more scientific manner if we use salt instead of sugar.

Buy a pennyworth of the salt commonly called sugar of lead (it is really acetate of lead, and is poisonous), and drop a little of it into some of the salt water, poured from the kettle into a bottle for the purpose. There will not be a clear solution, no matter how much we may shake it up. Something insists on remaining undissolved, and separating itself out at the bottom. This something is chloride of lead. Now fill a perfectly clean bottle with the water distilled from the kettle of brine, and the sugar of lead will dissolve in it to a clear solution. Add but a single drop of the salt water to this, and down comes the white chloride of lead again.

If we feel the water, in which the spiral part of our miniature still is allowed to rest, we shall find that it speedily becomes very hot; or, if we use snow, we shall find that it melted much more quickly than the heat of the room accounts for. This is because it takes away from the steam a great part of its heat; for steam has of course to part with its heat before it can become water. Now, let us for a moment look at the reverse of this. Ice, in order to melt into water, has to receive heat, because, of course, ice is colder than water by its nature, just as steam is hotter than water. Now, one sees how it is that a freezing mixture acts. Let us experiment with it.

Take some small pieces of ice, and put some salt with them. Place a small bottle of water in the middle and await developments. In a little while we shall perceive two things: that the salt has caused the ice to melt, and that the water in the bottle has frozen solid!

Why does the water freeze? Because the ice, in melting (it is caused to melt by the salt that is with it) is obliged to get heat from somewhere. This heat is called latent heat—the latent heat of water—and it is not shown by the thermometer. But we can get at it in this way, and the experiment is a very striking one. Take a known quantity of ice—let us say a pound—and by means of the kitchen scales get to know roughly how much water is needed to weigh as much as the ice. And, by putting some water outside, if the weather be cold, or by using ice and salt to cool it with if otherwise, contrive to have a pound of water that is as nearly as possible at freezing point, but not actually frozen.

Now, having had the kettle on the fire all the time, measure out a pound of scalding water—not boiling (174° by the thermometer is about the figure) and pour it on the pound of ice, at the same time mixing another pound of water, at the same heat, with the pound of ice-cold water, and put a thermometer in each mixture. Of course, the temperature of the ice-cold water mixed with the hot water will be somewhere between freezing point and the heat of the water poured in—about midway. But you will probably be much surprised to find that by the time the hot water has melted all the pound of ice, the temperature will be only just about freezing point. And, whereas the mixed waters will be warm, the water and melted ice will be icy cold! The whole of the 174° of heat in the pound of hot water has been

consumed ("rendered latent" is the expression) in changing the ice into water!

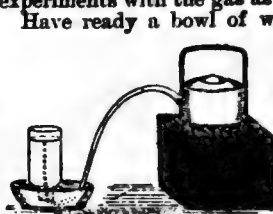
This astonishing result is not occasioned by the ice being colder than water; if you choose, you can carefully test the ice beforehand and arrange to have it exactly at freezing point. The result will be the same—it occurs because that amount of heat is wanted to change solid ice to fluid water. You now see exactly how the freezing mixture of ice and salt does its work; and you are likewise in a position to estimate the suffering caused to horses, after snowy weather in the City of London, when the wise and humane authorities, preferring sloppiness to expense, pleasingly strew the roads with rough salt, instead of sweeping away the snow, as is done in any Continental city.

When water is boiled in a kettle, of course the steam bubbles up as soon as its buoyancy is sufficient to exceed the weight of the air above it. This is the rule that governs any sort of "bubbling," and if we increase the pressure of the air the bubbling can be prevented. Steam is rather too energetic to be used as an example. But by means of a screw-stoppered mineral-water bottle we can readily illustrate the principle.

Buy now at the chemist's a pennyworth each of tartaric acid and the salt called bicarbonate of soda, each a dry, white powder. Put about a teaspoonful of each in the bottle, dry; quickly pour in some water and screw in the stopper. As soon as the water touches the powders there will be a tremendous fizzing and bubbling. But, when the stopper is in, this appearance will soon cease, because the pressure of escaped gas prevents any more from escaping.

Unscrew the stopper at any time—a week (or a lifetime) after if you choose—and the bubbling will commence again, and very likely the water will be forced out of the bottle by the energy of it. Of course, this is the same thing that happens when you open soda-water, which is water into which carbonic acid gas has been forced under great pressure. But the experiment is more convincing when you put the gas in yourself, as above described.

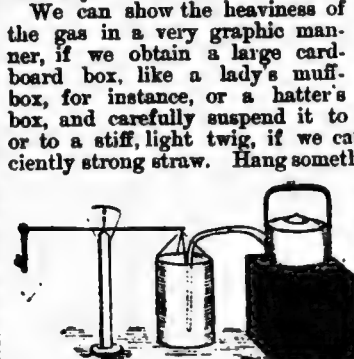
With what is left of the powders we can make one or two interesting kettle experiments. Out off the spiral part of the gas pipe that we used in the still-experiment, put some of the powders into the kettle with a little water, and quickly lute the lid down with some clay that you have previously placed at hand. The water must not reach to the base of the spout. Hold a lighted taper near the orifice of the gas-pipe, and it will be at once extinguished by the escaping gas, which is the gas usually called carbonic acid. If you prepare them beforehand, you can perform also the following experiments with the gas as it escapes.



Have ready a bowl of water, in which is standing, upside down, a jar also full of water. Put the end of the gas-pipe under this jar and you will see the gas bubble up into it and drive the water out. As long as you keep the mouth of the jar under water you can confine the gas in it, and this can be kept for future experiments, while you use the rest of the gas that comes off. If you turn the jar up presently, and put a taper into it, it will go out. And if you shake up some lime-water (bought very cheaply at the chemist's—a pennyworth will do) or allow the gas to pass directly into the lime-water, the latter, in either case, will become turbid.

This gas, as we said in a previous paper, is very heavy. You can pour it out of the jar upon a flame, just as if it were water, and extinguish the flame just as certainly.

We can show the heaviness of the gas in a very graphic manner, if we obtain a large cardboard box, like a lady's muff-box, for instance, or a hatter's box, and carefully suspend it to a balanced straw, or to a stiff, light twig, if we cannot obtain a sufficiently strong straw. Hang something on the other end of the straw to balance it, and balance the straw or twig by sticking a long pin through it thus, with something behind the pin to show the position of the latter. Have this all ready before-



hand, so as to balance exactly; and when the kettle is in working order, and giving off carbonic acid freely, pass the gas-pipe (it is really a gas-pipe now!) into the muff-box, nearly to the bottom, but be careful not to let it touch.

As the heavy gas passes out of the pipe it will gradually lift the air out of the box, and we shall have the pleasure of seeing the balance (which, though a rough one, is fairly sensitive) swing gently down, the position of the pin marking the deflection, like the index of a proper pair of scales. To the truly unscientific this will look almost like "weighing nothing." Of course, the kettle does not require to be heated in any of these latter experiments.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS SNUFF-BOX.

At some manoeuvres of the volunteers in Dumfriesshire, the troops were divided into two parts, an attacking and a defending force. The former were posted behind a hedge during some skirmishing, when one of the defenders suddenly burst through and was immediately surrounded.

"Down with your arms—you're my prisoner!" cried a sergeant.

"Nae, nae, mon," returned the intruder, coolly, "I'm nae prisoner."

"I tell you we are the enemy," cried the sergeant.

"I dinna care whether ye're the enemy or nae," retorted the intrepid volunteer, "I hae lost ma snuff-box, and I'm no gaun back without it!"

Amid general laughter the valiant warrior was allowed to look for "ma snuff-box," and when he had found it he departed in peace.

WANTED, MORE HOU QUAS.

THE honesty of the Chinese in their business dealings is shown in the action of Hou Qua, the Canton millionaire, who died a few years ago, leaving at least £10,000,000.

One of the Chinese firms of Canton failed, owing a great sum to foreigners. Hou Qua got up a subscription and paid the whole indebtedness. He headed the list of subscribers with £200,000 out of his own pocket, saying at the same time that "Chinese credit must remain untarnished."

This is the same man who, when the British were about to bombard Canton, unless their demand of £1,200,000 was paid within forty-eight hours, headed the subscription list with the sum of £220,000. "I give," said he, "£160,000 as a thank offering for the business prosperity I have had. I give £20,000 as a testimony of the fidelity of my son, and £40,000 as a mark of the affection which I bear my wife."

Hou Qua is still greatly honoured in Canton, and his name is synonymous with business honour.

IN TWENTY-FIVE SECONDS.

MEDICAL workers have made many curious experiments, but none more wonderful than that by which they ascertained the exact time required for the blood to make one entire trip through the system, which all students of physiology know means a complete circulation through the lungs, veins, arteries, and the general capillary arrangements.

The chief agent used in the experiments was a salt known to chemists as ferrocyanide of potassium, which can be readily detected in the blood on account of its chemical reactions.

Professor Dalton describes the operation in the following language: "Blood was drawn from the jugular vein of the opposite side, and the interval which elapsed before the appearance of the foreign salt in blood drawn from the second opening indicated the time required for the blood to pass from the point of injection through the vena cava to the heart, from the right side of the heart through the lungs to the left cavities, from the left ventricle through the carotid arteries and the capillary vessels of the head, and thence downward to the jugular vein on the opposite side."

Dozens of carefully tabulated tests of this somewhat extraordinary subject show that the blood of man makes a complete circulation once every fifteen to twenty-five seconds, according to the physical conditions of the subject experimented upon.

ONCE, while the Channel Fleet was lying off the port of Southampton, the flagship was visited by a townsman, who asked an officer if he could see the admiral.

The officer told him that the admiral was ashore, but he might leave his name.

"Well," said the visitor, "tell him it was one of the owners."

£3 3s. GOING A-BEGGING.

Two prizes are offered, the first of Two Guineas, and the second of One Guinea, for the two best sets of ten marginal sketches, suitable for insertion in *Home Notes*. The sort of sketch required can easily be seen by glancing through two or three copies of *H.N.*, with which any of your lady friends will probably be able to supply you. The following conditions must be observed:

(1) Each competition should bear the full name and address of sender, and must be addressed to *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., with the two words "Marginal Sketches" written in the left hand corner of the envelope.

(2) Sketches to reach the office at latest by first post Tuesday, April 9th.

(3) Sketches must be original, and should be drawn in black ink on white paper.

(4) The successful sketches will become the property of P.W., and the Editor reserves the right to purchase, on behalf of the *Editor of Home Notes*, any unsuccessful ones at the rate of ten shillings a set.

Mr. Raymond Potter, a regular contributor to the leading illustrated papers of the day, whose sketches in illustration of "VALDAR THE OPT-BORN" have been so generally admired, is illustrating the new serial in *S.S.*

HOW SHE BECAME A SINGER.

WHEN Pauline Lucca was only eight years old a chance exhibition of her gift of song decided that she must become a songstress. The child was a half-pay pupil at a fashionable private school in Vienna, her parents being too poor—though of aristocratic birth—to pay the usual fee. Pauline was not a good scholar, and she was very plain. Poverty, stupidity, and plainness separated her from the society of her schoolmates and from the attentions of her teachers. Only one person noticed her—Father Jeestrabek, an old priest, and the religious instructor of the school. He was destined to speak the word that should make her a singer, and thus give her fame and fortune.

The weekly singing lessons of her schoolmates brought hours of happiness. She was not to open her mouth to sing—singing lessons were *extra*—though permitted to be present on condition that she carried in and out the books and instruments. But she practised at home, singing long and loud whenever she was sure not to be heard by her mother. From an autobiographical sketch, we condense the story of what followed from those self-taught singing lessons.

On the day of the annual examination she was seated on the last bench, wearing a dress made of a white muslin window curtain. Her mother had been unable to buy a new dress for the occasion. Suddenly her name was called.

She stood up nervously, failed to answer the questions of the examiner, and sat down crying, while pupils and visitors laughed. Then the examination in singing began, and all the pupils of the class rose to show what they could do.

Pauline also stood up, though the principal, with angry eyes, motioned to her to keep her seat.

Each of the children sang her song as the names were called. All had sat down after receiving more or less encouragement on the part of the teacher, but of little Pauline nobody seemed to take notice.

Dumb, with wet eyes, she looked appealing at Father Jeestrabek, who said, in encouraging tones:

"The little one over there must sing us a song before we go."

"But," said the principal, "she cannot sing. Pauline has never had instruction."

"It does not matter in the least; she must give us a song."

Then, turning to the girl, he asked, "What can you sing?"

A stone fell from Pauline's heart as she heard the words. "I can sing everything the others have sung," she said, proudly, and with a freedom from embarrassment that astonished herself.

"Well, sing us 'Wann's Mailafterl weht.'"

"I never sang better than on that afternoon," says Lucca. "When I had finished the first song, and the applause struck my ears, I began another, and still another, and did not stop till I saw everybody crowd round my mother, shaking her by the hand, and congratulating her on such a jewel of a daughter."

"As I went towards my mother, a fat, red-faced gentleman declared before the whole school that I had a phenomenal talent, which must be cultivated at all costs. He was, as I learned afterwards, Joseph Erl, at that time a celebrated tenor."

"My fate had now taken a decided turn for the better. Erl sent me to the choir-master of the Church of St. Charles, Joseph Rupprecht, who took such care in educating me."

"Under his training I made such rapid progress that four years later, when the celebrated singer, Tietjens, fell suddenly ill, I was able to take her place, singing the solo part at the offertory without previous study. I had not even heard it before, but sang it entirely by the notes—I, a child of twelve. This is the true story of how I became a songstress."

"DEAR ME!" cried mamma, "what is the baby crying for?"

"He's cross with me, mamma," said Mollie. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."

"CHARLES HENDERSON was smart."

"How?"

"Why, just before his rich uncle died he called the young fellow to him and told him he had decided to leave him nothing but his autograph."

"Yes."

"And Charlie said, 'All right,' and then he drew up a cheque for £20,000, and told the old man to put the autograph on it. It pleased the old man so much that he made it £40,000."

MRS. HANSON: "I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first."

Shrewd Suitor: "Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you."

Mrs. Hanson: "Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband."

A SIMPLER PLAN.

MR. NEWEDD: "Well, we are beginning housekeeping, and I presume the simplest plan will be for me to give you a regular amount every week for expenses. Just figure up what it will cost."

Mrs. Newedd: "I could never do that in the world—so many things to count, you know; but let—me—see. Oh, I have it! I have thought of a much simpler plan."

"All right, my angel. What is it?"

"You figure up what it will cost you for train fares and lunches, and give me the rest."

MADE SWEETER BY SALT.

WHO would think of making sugar sweeter by the addition of salt? Such, however, is asserted to be the case by Professor Zuntz at a late meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin.

From his experiments, he finds that if to a solution of sugar there be added a slight amount of salt and water so weak that it excites no saline taste, the result is extra sweetening of the sugared water. The weakest of quinine solution is said also to produce a practically similar result.

The explanation given of the above seeming incongruity is that the ever so feeble saltiness or bitterness imparts an increased sensibility to the sensation of taste by the simultaneous stimuli, and hence an appreciation of additional sweetness.

A DOG AS WITNESS.

SCENE: A Petty Sessions in Northamptonshire. Two men charged with trespassing in search of game. The defence was that they were in search of mushrooms, and that the dog, which is said to have run away, was a pet of the wife of one of the men, and utterly innocent of sporting matters.

The dog was in court, and certainly looked harmless enough. This fact evidently told in his master's favour.

The keeper, in the course of his evidence, said: "I sot i' the ditch an' seed 'em beat out the top end of the cloase, with the dog between 'em; and about the middle of the third beat across, up she gets an' waits till"—with an eye on the dog—"he says 'Too!'"

Tableau—The dog on the table, ears cocked, muscles stiff, eyes starting; J.P. startled; keeper triumphant; prisoners confounded! Conviction.

THE WHITEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE whitest city in the world is Cadiz. There cannot possibly be a whiter, unless it be built of snow. The best way to approach the port is to take a trip on one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain.

As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass which appears to be floating upon the water, just as you are. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg.

The white mass, glittering in the sun and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that outlines of castles and hills appear upon it; but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part, and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz.

No other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.

A WHIMSICAL EXPERIMENT.

AKBAR, one of the first of the Great Moguls who ruled India, has been named the Asiatic Charlemagne. He was a statesman and an educator, and built a palace for the reception of men who loved learning and sought after wisdom. The Great Mogul's passion for knowledge is said to have been shown by a whimsical experiment he once made to determine if it was true, as he had heard, that Hebrew was the natural language of all who had never been taught any other tongue.

To test this assertion Akbar caused a dozen nursing children to be shut up in a castle six leagues from Agra, his capital city. Each child was reared by a dumb nurse; the porter was also a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, to open the gates of the castle.

When the children were twelve years old Akbar ordered them to be brought before him.

Men learned in Sanscrit, in Arabic, in Persian, and in Hebrew were assembled at the royal palace to tell what language the children spoke. Akbar, seated on his throne, and surrounded by these linguists, ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, each one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures!

A MAD HORSE.

It is exciting when the hunted tiger turns and charges the hunter, and he realises that unless his bullet proves to be fatal he will be a dead man. But no charge of tiger or of grizzly-bear was ever so exciting as was the rush of a mad horse upon an English army surgeon in the streets of Lucknow. The surgeon, Dr. Knighton, was driving with a friend in a gig to visit a palace. To his astonishment the streets were deserted, save by two or three persons, who were running as if for their very lives.

Suddenly an agonising yell broke the stillness. As the gig spun round a corner the mare stopped with an abruptness that almost threw the two men into the street. In the middle of the road was the mangled body of a woman.

Steering the mare clear, the surgeon drove on, amazed to see that every house appeared to be uninhabited. Presently he spied a man standing on a housetop, shading his eyes with one hand, and gazing intently up the street. Pulling the mare up, the surgeon shouted to him:

"What's the matter?"

The man dropped his hand, looked down, and shouted back:

"The man-eater is loose! Look out, sahibs! He's mad to-day!"

The surgeon had heard of a savage horse, belonging to a trooper of the King of Oude, and of his nickname "Kunewallah," or the man-eater, given to him because he had killed many men. As the surgeon hesitated for a moment as to which street he should take, the man on the housetop shrieked:

"He is coming! He is coming! Take care, sahibs, take care!"

Following the man's directing hand, the surgeon saw far up the road a large bay horse, shaking a white bundle in his mouth. It was a baby that the brute had seized by its clothes. Catching sight of the gig, the mad horse dropped the child and furiously rushed towards it.

The terrified mare was almost unmanageable, but she was turned about—the surgeon never could tell how—and went tearing at a mad gallop down the road.

The iron hoofs of the man-eater were heard clattering behind. The surgeon looked over his shoulder. The glance showed him that unless he could drive into a yard not far off there was no hope of escaping the attack of the furious animal. Its gates were ordinarily closed; but a streak of light shining through the centre suggested that they might be ajar.

They were, and the mare's head almost touched them as she stopped. Jumping out, the surgeon flung himself against both gates. They swung back. Catching the mare by the bit, he dragged the gig into the yard. As he slammed the gates back, and their heavy bolt dropped into its socket, the man-eater came thundering up. With head and cheeks covered with blood, he glared through the iron railing. Cocked ears, distended nostrils, and glaring eyeballs showed the ferocity of the baffled monster. The mare shivered as if with cold, though the sweat streamed off her coat.

The man-eater stood for several minutes glaring through the bars, and then began to walk round and round the yard to find an opening. At last, satisfied that he could not get in, he turned, rattled his iron heels against the bars, and with head and tail erect, galloped down the road.

"You are filling out marvellously, Hawkins," said Jarley. "Your chest measurement must be three inches larger than it was last year."

"No," said Hawkins, sadly; "it's an inch smaller. The apparent growth is due to unpaid bills I have in my pockets."

In a village in the south of Scotland a great event took place recently. The local auctioneer left the Free Kirk and joined the U.P. Church. The U.P. minister, feeling highly honoured, and no doubt fishing for a compliment, asked the new member to what cause he might attribute his kind patronage. The man of sales smiled blandly, and replied:

"Weel, ye see, yer seats are safer."

THE editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editor's wives, she was of an exceeding poetic nature, and said to her husband:

"Notice that moon; how bright and calm and beautiful!"

"Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual advertising scale."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Wash Floor Tiles with skim milk when possible, for it makes them look far better than soap and water.

To Make a Clear Jelly let the hot juice drain slowly through a flannel bag without squeezing it.

Keep all Sewer Pipes connected with stationary stands clean and wholesome by scalding once a week with boiling water in which washing soda has been dissolved. Remember that many cases of diphtheria have been attributed to foul sewer pipes.

In Boiled Puddings the greatest care must be taken to cook them thoroughly, and at least two hours is necessary to do this. While boiled puddings are so often underdone, baked puddings are constantly scorched, being brown on the top and not cooked through.

To Make Boiled Potatoes Look White and mealy, boil them in as little water as possible, strain, and take them at once to an open door and give them a vigorous shaking in the draught. Then place the saucepan, with the lid off, at the side of the stove for a few moments.

Do not Wash Lamp Chimneys when dirty, but hold them over the steam of a kettle, and then polish with a clean cloth. Another plan is to wipe the chimney with a cloth, slightly moistened with paraffin, and then polish with a clean cloth. If you wish to keep lamp chimneys nice and bright never wash them.

Nantwich Cutlets. Boil a teacupful of rice, in water, if you cannot spare milk, till it has fully swelled; then drain it dry. Beat up two eggs and stir into the rice, adding four ounces of well washed and dried currants, a little nutmeg and sugar to taste. Stir in sufficient flour to thicken the mixture and form into cutlets. Brush over with beaten egg, dip into bread-crumbs and fry in boiling fat. Dry before the fire and serve with a little jam on each cutlet as a garnish. (Reply to Q. X.)

To Boil Onions so that they do not taste strong: First wash and peel the vegetable, and boil for ten minutes. Drain away the water and add more boiling water, with a little salt, and cook slowly for an hour, or longer if the onion be not tender. Drain the onion on a colander, turn a saucer over, and press well to extract all the water, and stand a few minutes in a warm place. Some very strong onions need to be boiled in three waters, but, as a rule, two will be found enough. (Reply to BRISTOL.)

Dressmaking at Home. Our new paper will be found useful to those who do much needlework. It is brought out from this office every month, and contains sixteen pages full of the newest and prettiest fashions. Patterns of all the designs are supplied from here at our usual low rates, so that the paper will be found of really practical use to ladies. The fashions are designed by the leading fashion artists of the day, so are thoroughly to be relied upon. Each copy of *Dressmaking at Home* contains a free pattern. A diagram is also given, showing how to lay the pattern on the material, and stating what quantity will be required to cut it out. The price of the paper is 1½d. per month. Let me ask you to order it at once from your newsgent, or direct from here. The subscription for one year is 1s. 6d., or post free 2s. 6d.

Try to Expand the Chest. Those who pursue sedentary indoor employment use their lungs insufficiently, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus, independent of position, contract a small chest and lay the foundation of loss of health and beauty. All this may be quite obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, and can be stretched open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent, we require is the common air around us, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists external to the chest, such as tying it round with stays. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, the head thrown well back; now inhale all the air you can, so that no more can be taken in; hold your breath and throw your arms backwards, retaining your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as often as you please. It is best to do this in a cold room, because the air is much denser and will act more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner will enlarge the capabilities and size of the lungs.

Hellebore sprinkled on a floor at night destroys cockroaches. They eat it greedily and are poisoned at once.

When Ironing Black Cashmere use a moderately hot iron, and put the material right side downwards on to a clean cloth.

Mirrors which are fly-specked should be first washed in cold water, and then polished with a chamois leather dipped in alcohol.

Blistered Hands. I know of no better remedy for this unpleasant result of rowing, &c., than the following: Rub the palms of the hands well with methylated spirit before rowing, and as long as any tenderness is felt continue to do so on retiring each night. (Reply to BENTON, Hants.)

Savoury Cabbage. Wash a nice spring cabbage, boil it in water with a pinch of salt and a little soda. When the vegetable yields to the pressure of the finger, take it out and squeeze it, then put into a clean saucepan with a little butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Pour over all a little milk, and stew for ten minutes, then serve very hot.

Your Shoe Strings should be Tied in this way, and you will not find that they come unfastened. Proceed exactly as if you were going to tie an ordinary bow, but before drawing it up pass the right-hand loop through the knot, then give a steady pull to both loops and the string will be tied fast. This bow can be easily untied by pulling the right-hand string. (Reply to TINY.)

A March Pudding. Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of good beef dripping or suet, a large lemon, some moist sugar, and a little salt. Rub the fat into the flour, add sufficient water to make a firm paste, roll it out into a strip about half an inch thick. Strain the juice of a lemon into a cup, add the grated rind of the lemon, stir in a teaspoonful of flour and enough moist sugar to make it into a stiff, thick paste. Spread the lemon-mixture over the paste, roll it up, secure the ends and tie in a floured cloth. Boil for two or two-and-a-half hours or longer, if suet be used, turn carefully on to a dish and sift sugar over.

Old Feather Pillows, which have been used for years even, should never be discarded as worthless, but, when scoured and cleaned, will be nearly equal to new. First throw the whole pillow into soapuds and boil them, then rinse in two or three waters, and hang in the air to dry thoroughly. Make a new ticking for each two pillows, and rub the inside well with wax. Never mix new feathers with old ones. Take the pillows and empty them on to a sheet in a disused room, then pick over the feathers, removing the broken quills and matted portions; fill the ticking, shaking the feathers down till the pillow is of a nice thickness. Sew up the end very firmly, and you will have a most useful pillow, which, you can rest assured, is clean and sweet.

For a Cake Without Yeast or Eggs. The ingredients are: One and a half pounds of flour, six ounces of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, one and a half ounces candied peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one pint of warm milk. Rub the butter into the flour, add a salt-spoonful of salt, and then the sugar and currants. Have your cake-tin slightly warmed and greased. Stir the soda into the milk, add it to the cake, mix quickly, pour into the tin, and bake immediately in a quick oven. Bake more slowly after the first half hour, when the cake should have risen well. This quantity will take nearly two hours to cook. If you like to write about your other difficulties at once I shall be very pleased to help you. (Reply to AVE.)

Elaborately Trimmed Hats are most unsuitable for children, even for special occasions, as they have a tendency to make them look old; and for daily wear the treatment they would receive, if nothing else, forbids their use. The Tam O' Shanter, however, is just the hat required, for unless very much the worse for wear a good brushing will always restore it to its usual condition, and it is easily and inexpensively made at home, from pieces of either cloth, velvet, or woollen material. The trimming, consisting as it does of a quill and satin ribbon rosette, is easily replaced when shabby. You may remember that this was shown in "*Dressmaking at Home*," the number of the pattern being 326, and the price 3½d., post free.



Claret Stains on a table-cloth may be removed thus: Rub on salt as quickly as possible, soak in cold water, and wash in the usual way. Obstinate stains may be erased by rubbing with lemon juice and then drying in the sunshine. (Reply to HOTEL.)

Honey Used as a Medicine is very valuable, especially in lung and throat affections. Honey contains starch and sugar which have to a great extent been digested by the bees. Occasionally one finds a person with whom it does not agree, but most people find they can take it with good results.

Bone Egg Spoons which have become brown and discoloured may be cleaned by rubbing with egg shells. Put pieces of egg shell one within another, the broken edges of the shell to be rubbed quickly, firmly, and at the same time gently, over the spoon. A little care and tact is required, but when the effect is seen the operation becomes quite easy. (Reply to H. N. L., Belfast.)

Try Treacle Posset for a Cold. This old-fashioned remedy should not be allowed to die out, for it is an excellent drink to take at night when suffering from a cold. Put half a pint of milk into a saucepan, and bring it to the boil. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of treacle, let it boil up again, then draw to the side of the fire and let it stand a few moments. Strain, and serve it very hot. (Reply to INFLUENZA.)

"Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes" is the title of the new cookery book I have just brought out. I have had many requests asking me to recommend a good cooking book, but not knowing one which would suit exactly the requirements of my correspondents, I thought it best to compile my own, which I have done, submitting it afterwards to the revision of one of the leading chefs of the day. In it will be found recipes for serving simple yet dainty dinners, and, besides this, two chapters are devoted exclusively, the one to "cakes" and the other to "artisan cookery." I trust this book will be found really useful to my readers, and will form a handy reference book, in addition to the recipes given week by week in this page, and in *Home Notes*. Order the cookery book at once from your newsgent, or from this office. The price of it is 1s., or 1s. 2d. post-free.

Salsify is a winter vegetable, and I advise those of my readers who do not know it already to procure some at once, and cook it from my recipe. This vegetable may, after it is carefully boiled, also take the place of oysters in patties, scallops, and soup. To cook, first scrape the roots well, and as they are ready throw them into cold water, to which has been added a little vinegar. If this step is not taken, the colour will be spoilt. Have ready some boiling water, and to each gallon put in a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Throw the salsify roots into the pot, and boil till tender. To find out if they are cooked, pierce with a skewer. Drain very dry, and serve as a vegetable with melted butter or a good brown gravy. — **Fried Salsify.** After boiling, cut each root in four short lengths, flour well, and fry till a light brown. Drain very dry, scatter dried salt over, and serve as a vegetable. — **Salsify Cakes.** Boil some salsify till perfectly soft, drain it, and mash it finely with a fork; season with salt, cayenne pepper, and a few drops of anchovy sauce. Mix well and add enough butter to make the mixture smooth. Work into round balls, press flat, dip into egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat till a golden colour. Drain, and arrange on a fish paper, garnished with fried parsley. *Isobel.*

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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1893. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
M 6 13 20 27 T 9 16 23 30 W 12 19 26 31 T 15 22 29 31 F 18 25 31 S 21 28	M 3 10 17 24 T 6 13 20 27 W 9 16 23 30 T 12 19 26 31 F 15 22 29 S 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 31 T 6 13 20 27 W 9 16 23 30 T 12 19 26 31 F 15 22 29 S 18 25	M 7 14 21 28 T 10 17 24 31 W 13 20 27 T 16 23 30 F 19 26 S 22 29	M 5 12 19 26 T 8 15 22 29 W 11 18 25 31 T 14 21 28 F 17 24 31 S 20 27	M 3 9 16 23 30 T 6 13 20 27 W 9 16 23 30 T 12 19 26 31 F 15 22 29 S 18 25	M 7 14 21 28 T 10 17 24 31 W 13 20 27 T 16 23 30 F 19 26 S 22 29	M 4 11 18 25 T 7 14 21 28 W 10 17 24 31 T 13 20 27 F 16 23 30 S 19 26	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 4 11 18 25 W 7 14 21 28 T 10 17 24 31 F 13 20 27 S 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27 T 9 16 23 30 W 12 19 26 31 T 15 22 29 F 18 25 S 21 28	M 3 10 17 24 T 6 13 20 27 W 9 16 23 30 T 12 19 26 31 F 15 22 29 S 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 4 11 18 25 W 7 14 21 28 T 10 17 24 31 F 13 20 27 S 16 23 30

(Drawn by Willette.)



"Bow, wow, wow! Caught you at last, you rascal!"

"What a bad cold you've got, Mr. Policeman! Why don't you take Geraudel's Pastilles?"

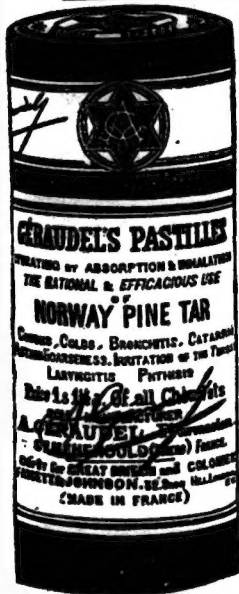
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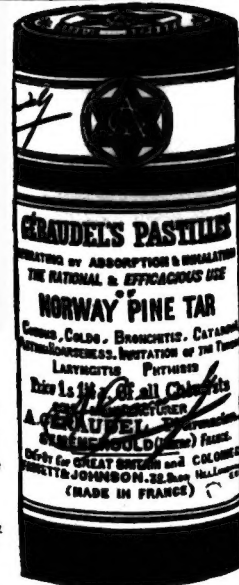
Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of pine tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial tubes and lungs, they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents.

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GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES were the only pine tar preparation to which an award was given by the International Jury of the Exposition Universelle of 1878; Gold Medal, Paris, 1885; tried by the French Government, by Ministerial decision, on the advice of the Board of Health. Authorised in Russia by the Imperial Government, with the approval of the Medical Board.

Price per Case, 1s. 1d., with directions for use. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or will be sent post free on receipt of price, from the **WHOLESALE DÉPÔT for GREAT BRITAIN:—**

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LET IT BE KNOWN THAT

Is the issue of *Short Stories*, which is published on Tuesday, March 19th, a new serial story, with numerous illustrations, is commenced, entitled "The Tenth of June." In the same issue will also be found five complete short stories, all of exceptional interest. I am sure that you will not regret the outlay of one penny on this number, especially as we offer the additional attraction of fifty pencil-cases to those persons who forward on or before Tuesday, March 26th, the best list of alternative titles to the five complete stories in this issue of *S.S.*, which is dated March 23rd, No. 325.

I WAS just beginning to congratulate myself on the immunity from the statistical fiend's attacks, which I have enjoyed for a comparatively long time, when a positively startling head-bulger comes hurtling through the air from Bristol, exploding in the editorial sanctum. It appears that we are in danger of becoming buried in broken crockery. By way, I mean the inhabitants of the earth. My correspondent backs up this staggerer by incontrovertible figures by which he proves that the amount of breakage of crockery and glass per inhabitant in England is twenty-three bushels of fragments per annum. Granted that this rate of wholesale smashing continues steadily for the next two and a half million years, what we now know as the surface of the earth will be buried in broken cups and saucers, jugs and wash-hand basins, to a uniform depth of seventy-four feet. With number 17,500,213 of *Pearson's Weekly* we propose to present to each purchaser a broad and butter plate embellished with a copy of this forecast, just as it stands. It will be something of a curio.

MR. F. A. COTTERELL, of the British Mineral Water Works, writes:

Will you allow me to draw your attention to page 521 of your issue for the week ending February 23rd, in which you show how an experiment, illustrating the result of pressure applied to water can be performed with a soda water bottle; and again further on you show how the treatment of a so-called siphon bottle by means of a bicycle pump will demonstrate the power of compressed air. Without wishing to detract for one moment from the value of your scientific column to young folks, especially as an inducement to them to cultivate their thinking powers, we feel sure that the suggestions you give as to the soda water bottle and siphon bottle experiments are calculated to do great harm to manufacturers of aerated waters owning these articles. In the majority of cases neither bottles nor siphons are sold outright to customers, but are either loaned free of charge or a deposit only obtained, and in the latter case such deposit, as a rule, does not represent full value. The annual loss to makers of aerated water, by destruction, detention, and the improper use of their bottles is very great, and this loss continues in spite of the existence of local bottle exchanges and trade protection associations. Therefore, to encourage anyone to wilfully break a bottle, or tamper with and probably injure a siphon, in order to illustrate a scientific fact, is likely to promote still further losses to owners than already occur. As very old-established members of the trade, we thought it nothing but our duty to reprimand our view of the question to you. One point more, you will perhaps know that nearly all mineral water bottles and siphons, &c., are branded on the glass with names and trade marks of owners; this could render anyone found breaking or improperly using such articles liable to prosecution.

Whilst inserting the above letter I think it only fair to my readers to remind Mr. Cotterell that I believe he is unduly alarming himself. If he had had the experience of the readers of *P.W.* I have had he would know that they are such a nice lot generally that they would no more think of destroying a bottle wilfully without paying for it than they would think of deliberately disregarding my advice to buy *Short Stories*, as it was the last paper of its kind published.

PHYCIENTURE. According to Kelliker, the thickness of the human skin varies from one-eighth of a line to a line and a-half. The skin is thicker on the back of the body than in front, and on the outer than on the inner sides of the limbs. It is unusually thick over the flexures of the joints, and particularly delicate in the eyelids.

It is a question of which I am thoroughly weary. It comes to me on an average three times a week. It is pencilled on the backs of post cards, on half-sheets of note-paper, and on letter-cards. I expect to receive a telegram containing it next. It runs mostly—there are many ways of putting it—"Does the weather influence the mind?" And the way in which this very simple query exercises the average brain is remarkable. To a certain extent the atmospheric conditions certainly do affect the thinking powers. If the weather is damp and muggy the brain machinery seems clogged, and won't run smoothly. If it is bright and clear so is the brain. This, of course, is speaking broadly. A scientific friend once told me that experiments and deductions which appeared to him perfectly clear and logical in dull weather were at total variance with those he made on the same subjects at other times. It is pretty generally known also, I believe, that in a large factory, where many hands are employed, from fifteen to twenty per cent. less work is turned out on days when the air is charged with electricity or aqueous vapours. These remarks apply only to the plebeian mind. The well-balanced intellect, under all conditions of weather, remains unaffected. The minds that guide the destinies of this office remain unaffected by the weather.

C. H. F.—Though the coining machines at the Mint are the very best that can be had, they are far from infallible. During the course of a year many millions of coins are rejected and re-cast. In the year 1891, for instance, no fewer than 7,991,261 coins of one sort and another were rejected on account of incorrect weight or some other defect.

W. D. T.—There are no fewer than 103 cathedrals in the United Kingdom. Of these forty-eight are Roman Catholic cathedrals, thirty-six Church of England, twelve belong to the Church of Ireland, and seven to the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

J. O. T. D. is in a great state because several times recently he has noticed just outside the front entrance to his house, a circle with a dot in the centre, executed with chalk. He thinks it must be a sign on the part of some secret society, and is afraid some danger threatens either him or a member of his family. Fear not J. O. T. D. The mark is evidently a tramp's sign, and certainly does not portend any evil for you, but rather the other way about. It is a silent warning from one tramp to another that by calling at your house he stands every probability of being given into the hands of the police. The symbol is understood to represent a cell with a prisoner in it.

I. R. O.—When the last return was made of the number of men employed by our railway companies, the figure stood at 381,626. This was on the 31st of December, 1889, and did not include contractor's men employed on the construction of new lines.

"I was standing by the Mansion House the other day," writes a Cockney correspondent, "when a French gentleman, who had lost his way, and who, I afterwards ascertained, knew but one or two phrases of English, came up and addressed himself to a constable in French. Of course, the man could no more understand him than he could have flown. Consequently, the unfortunate foreigner might have found himself in a seriously inconvenient position but for the fact that I speak French. It occurred to me at the time that the constables of our large towns, especially those of such a cosmopolitan nature as London, should be taught French and German. They would have plenty of spare time while on duty to work it up. — Although such an acquisition would be admirable, I don't think the idea would commend itself to the powers that be. You're quite wrong in your supposition that the police of our cities have plenty of spare time. They certainly haven't got opportunities of reading up foreign languages while on duty. Moreover, I don't suppose that more than one or two foreigners a day find themselves in the same plight as the one you mention, and under these circumstances it wouldn't be worth bothering about.

CYCLIST.—Thank you very much for all the kindly things you write. It is gratifying to find one's efforts appreciated to such an extent. As *Sporting Favourites* was published last Wednesday, and as no doubt by this time you have secured a copy, you know as much about the first number as I can tell you. You can take it as a very good specimen of what the succeeding parts will be, though, of course, special attention will be given to cricket in summer, and other sports in their own particular season.

H. L. says: "I never take a bath on principle. My theory, based on many years of physiological study, is that by the use of soap the natural oil is deliberately removed from the body, thereby rendering the skin brittle and the pores more open to receive the germs of disease. You will find throughout the world that by instinct the savage displays a powerful antipathy to soap, thereby acting under impulse of his natural instincts. . . . For twenty-two years soap has never once touched my body, and I am proud of the fact." — For my part I see nothing to be proud of. There is, however, one thing upon which I must congratulate H. L. Few people exist who are gifted with a richness of ideas which would enable them to invent such a truly scientific excuse in extenuation of a natural and degrading aversion to soap and water.

G. O.—There is no authenticated case of spontaneous combustion in the human body. Many have been reported, but on inquiry have been found to be cases in which the body was deliberately burned after death. A high medical authority says it may with certainty be predicted that so long as the circulation continues the body will not ignite even if the hand be held in the fire until it is charred.

MABEL.—You ought to have addressed your letter to "Isobel," but as it has found its way into the hands of the writer of this page, it had, perhaps, better be answered here. Don't do it, Mabel. You are young yet, I take it, and don't know so much about man as you will do later. Your resolve to economise is right enough, and if you would help your husband mend his stockings, or even save him the expense of a barber, and cut his hair, do so by all means, but, for goodness sake, don't attempt to make his white shirts, his collars, or his cuffs. I must absolutely refuse to give you any patterns for these. Why, my dear girl, there is not a man in the country who wouldn't be down my throat in a minute if I gave you any encouragement. Never was there a man living who did not prefer shop linen to that made at home.

A PROFESSIONAL NURSE writes:

Our friends the doctors say there is no cure and no preventive for this distressful malady, influenza, and that the best course is a few days in bed—advice, we are told, that cannot be improved upon.

Perhaps the following case, based upon my own personal experience, may teach another tale. On Tuesday I visited a lady who was in the throes of influenza. Within ten hours of exposure to the infection I was seized with the familiar symptoms such as I remember in the former epidemic—frontal headache, pains behind the eyes and down the back, running of the eyes and nose, sore throat, with pains across the chest, and that peculiar sensation in the brain best described as feeling as if it were being stirred with a spoon. These were the principal feelings at 10 o'clock p.m.

At this stage I administered a vigorous sniff of the drug, periodate crystals, into each nostril by a strong inhalation to carry the powder well into the head. I also swallowed two teaspoonfuls of the periodate of iron to ease the pains. The following morning I awoke as fresh as a daisy, with all unpleasant feelings gone, and so far there has been no return.

Many of my friends have had the like experiences either in immediately curing or in preventing this troublesome ailment by a simple and harmless home remedy.

S. E.—You have not much reason to complain in that the article you wrote was not accepted until three months after you sent it. An editor does not sit on his doorstep waiting for the post, and send down to the printer's everything submitted to him. If you receive no worse treatment than this your literary life will be a rosy one, considering you have not yet made a name for yourself. What do you think of this, which is absolutely true? Talking with a well-known novelist the other day, we got on the subject of contributions to periodicals, and I happened to say that a friend of mine who contributed to a magazine just about to cease existence generally waited nine months for his article to appear, and twelve months on top of that for payment. "That is nothing," said the novelist. "Seven years ago I wrote an article for — magazine, by request of the editor, on 'The Woman of To-day,' was paid for it, as it happens, but have never yet seen it in print. I was staggered last January to receive this article back with a request to bring it up to date. Woman has made such strides, however, in the last seven years that I had to entirely re-write it. In returning the article, I could not resist the temptation of saying to Mr. — that if he would let me have the article back every seven years I would be happy to bring it up to date and charge him nothing extra for it. I think he intends taking me at my word, for it has not appeared yet!"

THE REV. ALEX. B. ORR, writes:

I was much interested in question 2362, "Are there any instances on record of spontaneous development of language in children?" I quite agree with the answerer that the spontaneous development of language is very far from probable. But such a thing has certainly occurred. About twenty-one years ago, my wife was acquainted with a family in the town of Sigo, in which there was a pair of twin girls, who, until they were six or seven years old, conversed together in a language of their own, utterly unintelligible to everyone else. The parents, instead of bringing this extraordinary philological development under the notice of some *scientist*, took the course of separating the sisters, in order to put an end to what they regarded simply as an inconvenience.

I wonder whether any of my readers have come across similar instances.

THE average young lady is, I believe, more or less satisfied with the opportunity of having from fifteen to twenty partners at a dance, according to the length of her programme. A GAIETY GIRL, however, wants something more. For she has been to America, and over there, as everyone knows, or ought to know, a belle thinks nothing of dividing each dance among half-a-dozen men or so. Where the fun of this comes in, however, it is somewhat difficult to see. There is, of course, the triumph of having more partners than any other girl in the room, which is a pleasure unknown at an English ball. But for this each dance is mutilated. Flirtations are nipped in the bud. A girl has to talk to the gallery all the time, and, in fact, becomes, as it were, "grand chain" from one end of the evening to the other.

SOME more money has come to hand towards this summer's Fresh Air Fund treats. The amounts are as follows: W., 2s.; K. H. (Glos.), 3s.; W., 4s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; M. L., 2d.; G., 1d.; F. A., 2s.; Dolly, 1s. 6d. The grand total is now £59 11s. 1d.

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S. L. IMPROVED NICKEL SILVER. Warranted to wear white
all through. Tea Spoons, 2/6 doz. Dessert Spoons or Forks, 5/6 doz.
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in Cases, price 2/8 each; Ivory, 3/6. Pair in Case (Black), 7/6; Ivory, 9/6, post free.
SAMPLES willingly sent on approval
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DIPHTHERIA

The Public are respectfully cautioned
against neglecting an apparently simple
SORE THROAT, which frequently
develops into, and is always the beginning of,
DIPHTHERIA. Wait for nothing, but
obtain the "CURE IT" remedies. Their
use in the early stage will remove any ten-
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Cures old in the Head cures Nervous
Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever
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Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
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Beware of cheap imitations.

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DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. 1,000 WORKERS EMPLOYED. EVERY GARMENT SCIENTIFICALLY CUT, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, AND GUARANTEED MADE WITHOUT SWEATING. FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, A HANDSOME and well-fitted NEEDLE CASE will be presented with every Costume, Child's Frock, Skirt, or Dress Length ordered from this Advertisement. **DON'T DELAY**, but send your order at once to secure these ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFTS, when ordering mention Pearson's Weekly. Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed LONDON AND MIDLAND BANK, and made payable to JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.

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And Loss of 335 Lives.

MISS ANNA BÖCKER, the only lady survivor, was at the time of the catastrophe wearing a Costume made from the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, as in the Dress Length, and these garments were in seawater, the Costume has not shrunk, nor does it appear much worse for the severe exposure. This dress is now being exhibited in the Showroom of the Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, Manchester.

THE JOHN NOBLE Knockabout Frocks

Are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered for Girls' wear.

Every Frock thoroughly well made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. These Frocks are just the one thing wanted for a young girl, as they are loose fitting, and allow plenty of freedom for the limbs.

Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins.
Price 1/6 2/ 2/6 3/ 3/6 ea.
Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins.
Price 4/ 4/6 5/ 5/6 ea.

Every purchaser delighted.
Postage 6d. extra.

Model 226.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUME.

A very graceful design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, loose-hanging skirt, full sleeves, and deep cuffs. The skirt, cuffs, and saddle are effectively trimmed gold silk braid, and the whole garment is well made and finished throughout. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab.

Sizes and prices as follows:—
Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins.
Price 2/3 2/9 3/4 3/11 4/6 ea.
Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins.
Price 5/3 6/ 7/ 8/ ea.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 226.

THE JOHN NOBLE VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is prettily trimmed with a deep crossband of black velvet; the saddle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze, green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey.

Sizes and prices as follows:—
Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins.
Price 2/9 3/9 4/9 5/9 6/9 ea.
Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins.
Price 7/9 8/9 9/9 10/9 ea.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 225.

THE JOHN NOBLE Cheviot Serge REEFER OUTFIT.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, a navy blue or black, consisting of a double-breasted Reeper Jacket, very neatly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of white braid.

Lengths 21 24 27 inches.
Price 6/6 7/6 8/6 each.
Lengths 30 33 36 inches.
Price 10/9 12/6 14/6 each.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Please consider that here is offered the Costume complete, together with fashionable Double-breasted Reeper Jacket.—The two garments for about the price of one.

Model 229.

Ladies' Costume Skirt.

Model 211.

8/11

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed with two rows handsome Chemise braid; the hem is faced in- side with stoutness, etc., and protected at the extreme edge with bold worsted cord. A really handsome skirt, in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab.

Price 8/11.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

NEW REGISTERED DESIGN.

HIGHEST DIPLOMA & GOLD MEDAL AWARDED.

British and Colonial Industrial Exhibition, Manchester, October, 1891.

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World, at less than Half Ordinary Prices.

These Costumes are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab, and supplied complete for the ridiculous price of 10/6 each, packed in leather-board box, and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

The John Noble Half-Guinea Costumes, the most remarkable value ever produced, have created a complete revolution in the cost of garments for Ladies' wear, and have secured beyond a doubt

The Admiration of the World.

The present design exceeds all previous ones in every respect. The style is better, the cut is superior, and the make and finish beyond all criticism, thus adding in a triple degree to the already marvellous value of these Costumes, which are trimmed with fine silk cord, and are worn in every part of the civilised world.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.)

Is a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame. It is 32 inches wide, does not spot with rain, and may be washed whenever necessary. Colours: Navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, drab, tan, or black. Every reader can secure a Full Dress Length of Six 7/6 Yards for 7/6. Sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

IF PATTERNS will be sent POST FREE if desired to any reader of Pearson's Weekly on application.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT.

Model 254.

5/6

Improved wide shape, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, untrimmed, well made throughout. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab. Price only 5/6 complete.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Ladies' Costume Skirt.

Model 212.

9/6

An extremely pretty and effective design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge gathered back with broad box pleat each side, trimmed in front with graduated perpendicular rows of new fancy braid, continuing horizontally round the back; the skirt is protected at the extreme edge with silk worsted cord, and may be had in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price 9/6.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT.

Model 208.

6/11

A very neat style in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed round the extreme edge with a row of new fancy braid, edged gold silk Russia Braid. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price only 6/11.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 205.

THE LATEST SUCCESS.

Ladies' Graceful Costume, made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, consisting of improved shaped skirt trimmed round extreme edge with a crossband of black velvet, edged silk cord; also blouse bodice full from neck in front with seamless back and a velvet- trimmed collar over a stand-up edged silk cord; cuffs and collar to match. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab. Price for the complete Costume only 16/9.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Sizes in stock fit any figure up to 38 in. round bust under arms; larger sizes 1/6 extra.

GRASP THE FACT that this costume is made complete and ready for wear, then think of what it would cost to buy the unmade Dress Length and Trimmings in the ordinary way.

THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUME FOR YOUNG MISSES.

Model 222.

A new style that has quite taken the public fancy. The Costume is in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and the bodice is made with prettily gathered front, full fashionable sleeves, shaped belt, and fastens up the back. The skirt is trimmed with four rows of narrow black Russia Braid; the cuffs, collar, and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly.

Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey.

Lengths 38 42 inches
Price 6/6 7/-
Lengths 46 50 inches
Price 7/9 8/9

The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Model 223.

COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Young Ladies' Fashionable Costume, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed Russia Braid on Skirt and Bodice. The Bodice is made with stand-up collar, full gathered each front, full sleeves, new shape epaulettes, and Swiss Belt. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab.

Lengths 38 42 ins.
Price 7/6 8/6
Lengths 46 50 ins.
Price 9/6 10/9

The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Model 218.

WALKING COSTUME.

Cut from one of the best models, and built in proper tailor-made style in the John Noble Cheviot Serge. The new Russian bodice is made with pointed saddle back, three double box pleats from the collar in front, and full sleeves. The skirt is lined through, and trimmed at the hem with six rows of tailor-stitching in silk, the extreme edge being trimmed with velvet binding for protection. Collar, cuffs, and edge of bodice trimmed to match, saddle and sleeves well lined. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, tan, grey, or drab. Price complete only 18/6.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Sizes in stock fit any figure up to 38 inches round bust under arms; larger sizes 1/6 extra.

WARNING. Readers are specially cautioned against buying any Costumes represented as the manufacture of John Noble Ltd., from travellers, agents, or shops. Many very inferior imitations of these world-famed Costumes are just now being offered, produced in inferior materials in order to sell them at the same price; but as John Noble Ltd. have no agents, no travellers, no branches or shops, any person who is advised to post their orders direct, and to remember that for quality of materials, stylish shapes, perfection of make and finish, combined with great durability, the John Noble Model Costumes are far above all others.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., The Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, **MANCHESTER.**

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